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ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

THERE can, we fear, be no doubt that the American Government perseveres in its unfriendly course towards this country, and that Mr. CRAMPTON has by this time been dismissed. An act, not in itself exceeding the attributes of a sovereign State, furnishes, as we need scarcely remark, no ground for war; but the PRESIDENT and his advisers are exclusively responsible for the interruption of amicable relations. Their motives admit of but one interpretation. The present occupants of office wish to acquire popularity with the ill-taught multitude who have been brought up in feelings of animosity towards England. By a more honest and statesmanlike policy, they might conciliate the opinion of the enlightened classes; but they would gain no appreciable strength in the Presidential Conventions, and, for electioneering purposes, it is always desirable to court the more narrow and aggressive party. Prejudice and malignity are busy and energetic, while good sense is too often quiescent and neutral. In our own Parliament, members habitually vote against their consciences on comparatively harmless questions, such as those of Maynooth and Sunday bands; and though educated men may despise Puritanical scruples in England, and anti-English agitation in America, in practice they defer to opinions which are louder, if not deeper-seated than their own. The foreign policy of the Cabinet at Washington so far indicates the national feeling that it implies the existence of a large party to whom a quarrelsome and blustering diplomacy is acceptable.

The form of Mr. CRAMPTON's dismissal is of little importance. After Lord CLARENDON's adoption of the acts of his representative, it is idle to place the rupture of intercourse on personal grounds. Mr. CUSHING instructed his deputy to state that the PRESIDENT desired to strike as close as possible at the throne of the QUEEN; and Mr. MARCY cannot charge Mr. CRAMPTON with the commission of any act which has not since, on a full knowledge of the circumstances, been avowed by the English Government. Lord CLARENDON's last despatch, if it is accepted as in any sense satisfactory, goes to the whole accusation against the Minister; nor is it possible to believe that the American Secretary will commit so gross a blunder as to rely on the new pretext for dispute as to the statements of Mr. CLAYTON and Mr. CASS relative to the negotiations of 1850. On the whole, it may be assumed that the Cabinet of Washington will carry out the premeditated affront with the strongest protestations of pacific and innocent intentions. It will be represented that Mr. CRAMPTON is personally obnoxious, and it will not be stated that his offence consisted in obedience to the instructions of his superiors. Any Government has, of course, a right to withdraw its recognition from a diplomatic agent, either peremptorily or on specific grounds; and if the objection to an envoy is founded on any acts beyond the limits of his functions, his employers have no right to question the decision. But, in official transactions, he is simply a mouth-piece. The enlistment proceedings have now become the acts of the English Government, and any measure of resentment or retaliation raises an international question.

Mr. CRAMPTON himself is not altogether exempt from blame. At the commencement of the proceedings, he prudently consulted an American lawyer; but he incautiously neglected to abide by his opinion, which was altogether unfavourable to the recruiting project. On the simple issue whether the municipal law of the United States was violated, Lord CLARENDON has not, it must be admitted, a triumphant case; but at the commencement of the Russian war, the English Government had no reason to believe that its conduct would be watched with a jealous and unfriendly eye, and the early abandonment of the whole scheme, in deference to the objections which were raised, amply atoned for any irregularity

which might have been unintentionally committed. Mr. BUCHANAN, who cannot be accused of excessive cordiality towards the nation to which he was accredited, received Lord CLARENDON's explanations as perfectly satisfactory; and it was not until some months after the apparent termination of the dispute that Mr. MARCY thought it expedient to reopen it. From that time forward, the American Government was wholly in the wrong. The insolent instructions of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, the fraudulent trial of HERTZ, and the demand for the recall of Mr. CRAMPTON and of several British Consuls, were all unprovoked aggressions. In the Senate, which in some sense forms a portion of the Foreign Department of the Federal Government, speeches were delivered for the sole purpose of expressing animosity to England, and not a single member of the assembly had sufficient honesty and courage to repudiate charges which all must have known to be exaggerated or untrue.

The official pretence of a scrupulous solicitude to maintain neutrality is flagrantly insincere. By his recognition of WALKER's Government in Nicaragua, the PRESIDENT openly courts the party which advocates systematic interference in the contests of the Central American Republics. In the same mob-meetings, partisans of the Administration declaim against England and against the neutrality laws. Mr. MARCY's discovery of a sovereign right, paramount to all municipal enactments, would be interpreted by his countrymen rather as a general right to interfere than as a security for absolute neutrality. No impartial person can read the correspondence on the enlistment question without suspecting a deliberate intention on the part of the American Government to pick a quarrel; and when the proceedings of the same Cabinet with reference to the Central American dispute are examined, the unfriendly disposition is still more apparent. The PRESIDENT's message to the Senate on the recognition of RIVAS was filled with gratuitous attacks upon England. Poor Mr. MARCOLETA, who, as Nicaraguan Envoy, has long been the tool of the American Government, now bitterly laments the folly of his countrymen in trusting to their supposed protectors from British encroachments.

Notwithstanding all the irritating proceedings which have taken place, there is, we hope, little danger of actual war. Neither nation has anything to gain by a collision. The objects of the PRESIDENT and his colleagues are sufficiently attained by verbal bluster; and while Englishmen regard with astonishment the unprovoked menaces which have been offered to their country, public attention in the United States is directed to very different objects. The struggle between the two parties who respectively desire and deprecate the extension of slavery is becoming every day more bitter. Up to the present time, it would seem that the friends of the existing Administration, if not more numerous, are more united and resolute than their adversaries. In Kansas, the so-called Border Ruffians, with the aid of the United States authorities, have obtained a decisive victory; and in the midst of the inquiry instituted by the Committee of the House of Representatives into the circumstances of the late elections, the head-quarters of the Free Soil party have been seized, their leaders are fugitives or prisoners, and the intruders from Missouri have forcibly established their supremacy. It is evident that the PRESIDENT will sanction any act of violence which may be necessary to the triumph of his party, and that he will be supported by a large majority in the Senate, and by a powerful body in the House of Representatives. It is difficult for an Englishman to understand the lawless recklessness which at present appears to prevail at Washington. General WATSON WEBB, in a spirited and eloquent letter, enumerates four violent assaults recently committed by pro-slavery members of Congress; and in two instances, no public notice was taken of the occurrence. The

House of Representatives voted that the homicide of a waiter in a tavern, publicly committed by one of its members, was an incident not meriting investigation; and every supporter of the Administration voted against inquiry into the outrageous assault lately committed in the Senate House itself on the Senator from Massachusetts. A large majority of members from the Slave States carry pistols and bowie-knives, and, according to General WEBB, "since the brutal assault upon Mr. SUMNER, two-thirds of the Anti-Nebraska members of Congress, and all who claim and exercise the right of free speech as distinct from abusive language or a bullying threatening manner, have arrived at the conclusion, that the time is come when it is a duty they owe alike to themselves and their country to assert, and, if necessary, to vindicate the great constitutional privilege, and to be in a situation at all times effectually to protect themselves from the bully and assassin." In other words, the anti-slavery party have determined to carry revolvers.

The State of Massachusetts has unanimously protested against the assault on its representative in the Senate; but, up to the present time, the friends of the Administration appear confident in their superior strength, and it is generally thought that the nominee of the Pro-Slavery Convention at Cincinnati will be the successful candidate for the Presidency. The extraordinary violence lately exhibited in Kansas and at Washington may possibly give a turn to public feeling; but whatever may be the result, political intriguers will find it difficult to substitute a clamour against England for the universal excitement produced by domestic controversies.

HEAD AND TAIL.

TWO cracked reputations will sometimes intermarry, in the hope that the union may result in a respectable household. The worn-out Administrative Reform Association has just wedded itself to the used-up Mr. ROEBUCK, with the view of creating by the coalition an efficient political entity. We are told by the Sheffield Patriot, with that frankness which becomes the noblest work of God, that henceforward he and the Association are all one, or the same concern. TRAVERS, MORLEY, REVANS, and GASSIOT sink into parts of an organized system which seems to be modelled partly on the Anti-Corn-Law League and partly on the Jacobin Club, but which is, in fact, a colossal plant of machinery for the puffing of Mr. ROEBUCK. He is to hiss and sting in Parliament—the Association is to serve the purposes of a tail with a rattle on it. We are not subscribers to the Association, or it would be worth our while to express some indignation at the coolness of the language in which the metamorphosis is announced. The new Chairman, in assigning reasons for the failure of Administrative Reform—and nothing can be more charming than the explicitness with which he proclaims that it has failed miserably—points out, first, that its promoters did not belong to the governing classes, and next, that they made the country, and not Parliament, the sphere of their agitation. Candidest of friends! Why, the very essence and principle of the Association lay originally in its separation from the governing order. It was the great unselfish middle-class, which had produced Mr. HUDSON, that was going to give a lesson in business habits to the narrow monopolizing aristocracy, which had found an exponent in Lord ABERDEEN. And as for its neglect of Parliamentary influence, the entire credit of the Association was founded at first on its keeping aloof from Parliament. The *Times*—and we should never have heard of administrative reform unless the *Times* had patted it on the back—was particularly strong on this point. Parliament was the slave of forms, of majorities, of ministries, of traditions, of the theory of official responsibility, of Mr. HAYTER, of patronage. The House of Lords belonged to the aristocracy. The House of Commons was mainly recruited from it, and largely elected under its influence. It was for the great Middle Class to take the thing into its own hands; but it was to confine itself to admonition. Like the Archbishop in Mr. PAYNE's ballad, it was to write to the governing oligarchy "in the name of the British people, a calm and friendly note." If the aristocracy didn't take heed, it would be time to consider the sequel.

The solemn warning was never given—the impressive attitude was never assumed. Dignity broke down under the want of funds, and calmness became ridiculous in the absence of an audience. And now Mr. ROEBUCK tells them that

the posture-making system was a blunder, and that, after all, the proper expedient was one of the old platform-agitations. We think, however, that he and the association are mistaken, if they expect the success of the Anti-Corn-Law League. The resemblance between the two movements is only superficial. Externally, no doubt, Mr. ROEBUCK, at the peak of Administrative Reform, wears some likeness to Mr. COBDEN at the apex of Corn-Law Abolition. But Mr. COBDEN only expressed a principle which was capable of being carried out at once in a legislative measure. Mr. ROEBUCK, on the other hand, claims to represent the reform of a system—he holds himself out to the world as equal to a series of definite acts, as able to suggest and carry out the reorganization of complicated administrative machinery. Now, Mr. ROEBUCK is a clever man, and, when he has time enough for preparation, an effective speaker and writer; but he has never given the smallest proof of practical power, and all the world is convinced that a body, not particularly wise ordinarily—the Metropolitan Board of Works—showed an exceptional prudence in declining to have him for its Chairman. He has always had a policy in Parliament, but it has been a peculiar one. His has been the statesmanship of resolutions, and amendments, and protests, and previous questions, and solemnly impressive motions that the House be counted. Whenever a public question comes to such a crisis that the opportunities for individual intervention are reduced to the smallest possible compass, Mr. ROEBUCK is sure to step in with a formula, summing up the case with indignant brevity, censuring somebody, or panegyricizing somebody. His part, in truth, has been one very rare in England—the part of a professional Patriot, of an oppositionist who never takes his turn of office. Like the gentleman in *Bleak House* who, while sponging on his relatives, canvasses their faults with acrimonious impartiality, and devotes himself to preaching "Department," Mr. ROEBUCK hangs in idleness about the political world, and while living on the labour or other men's official hours, is always ready to propose resolutions showing them up, and consecrates himself generally to inculcating Public Virtue. But the drudgery of practical activity Mr. ROEBUCK has carefully declined—never even condescending, we imagine, to so much as the conduct of a Private Bill. That he has never obtained public employment is no demerit, perhaps, in the eyes of his present satellites; but it should be remembered that his Parliamentary powers have always been such as to enable him to command office, if he had not always been the spokesman of opinions which the common sense of the country repudiated. Such men have always been plentiful in France. Such was PETIOT, on the eve of the first Republic—such was ODILON BARROT, on the eve of the second—honest, loquacious, censorious patriots, who, when really placed in office, had no policy ready to hand, except one of the weakest and washiest Conservatism. The Administrative Reformers ought to be warned in time. Mr. ROEBUCK has interest enough with the Press to make him the right man for the present, but he is in the wrong place for the future. Chronic indignation is a disease incompatible with healthy practical vigour. The real Hercules, who is to cleanse the Augean Stable, ought to be equal to something more than strangling serpents. You cannot make a COLBERT out of a declaimer.

In the new sphere which it has chalked out for itself, the Association will not simply be a nuisance—that is a small matter—but it will be the greatest of hindrances to Administrative improvement. Somebody, it appears, is to keep a Parliamentary ledger. "A regular and organized plan of obtaining information with respect to every constituency in the country" is to be adopted. "The Corresponding Secretary's business will be to learn what information would be needed, then to obtain this general information, and then to record it. . . . He will bring to bear on the constituencies the organization and knowledge of the Association." Now, what does this mean, except that calumny of the central government is to be brought to bear, every time a local prejudice arises which is capable of being exploited. Every time that what Lord PALMERSTON called the "Dirty" party gets the better of its antagonists at Hockley-in-the-Hole, the Association is to come down with a description of the defects in the Board of Health, and a denunciation of the principal clerk. Or, if there is a quarrel at Budget-town about the Master of the Workhouse, the Secretary is to show up the Poor-law Board, and point out that Mr. BUMBLE was never subjected to a competitive examination. Moreover, the principal information which the Secretary will

collect from the constituencies will consist of such facts as that Mr. A. B. declares he must have the Surveyorship of Taxes, and swears he will vote for the Reds, if he doesn't get it. How is the Association to deal with such a case? Is Mr. A. B. to be postponed to a competitive examination? If so, the Association may proceed to put up its shutters. Or is he to have the place? In that case, what becomes of Administrative Reform? Difficulties like these were avoided, when the original scheme of the Association was adhered to. But now that this unlucky body is to agitate in the constituencies, it is pretty sure to be wrecked on them.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT'S speech on Military Instruction, if regarded only as a specimen of extensive knowledge, and as a full and elaborate exposition of a really statesmanlike plan, ranks among the exceptional efforts of a session not very prolific either in work or in oratory. The best test of success has attended it—everybody claims the invention. The *Times*, as is its wont, suggests that its own lessons of practical wisdom, and even its elaborate plans, have been borrowed without acknowledgment. Another daily contemporary assures us that in his not very influential or effective columns has been sown and watered the crop which Mr. HERBERT steals down in the night to reap. The present Government, too—the credit side of whose official ledger is thought to be somewhat blank—claims the eleemosynary and cheap reputation of having originated or adopted some details of Mr. HERBERT'S plan—such as the abandonment of Carshalton. What a pity that these critics have not traced their own inspirations to their source! It is perfectly true that many of Mr. HERBERT'S proposals have been discussed in the newspapers for the last eighteen months; and it is equally certain that some portions of the scheme which he has been gradually developing are already at work. But Mr. HERBERT, as Secretary-at-War, propounded the principal part of his plans to Parliament some time before the late war. Long before the *Times* had discovered our military deficiencies, and long before the journals commented, or thought of commenting, on reform in the army, Mr. HERBERT had made public his views on military education. As to Lord PANMURE, we cheerfully acquiesce in the commendation which he deserves for having appreciated and carried out, in every essential particular, the practical reforms—such as those at Aldershot and Shorncliffe, and in the appointments to the Engineers—which his predecessors in the War Department inaugurated.

For ourselves, we regard it as a very secondary question from what quarter reforms emanate, so that we obtain them; and we shall thankfully acknowledge that the late war will have conferred a great benefit on the country, and will even pay its expenses, if it teaches us what an army is. Hitherto we have maintained a military force on the sly; and like other domestic arrangements which we cannot face the world with, it turns out to be an expensive as well as surreptitious mode of housekeeping. A standing army may be theoretically unconstitutional; but we had better face the carnal necessities of the world, and enter into honourable wedlock. A legitimate alliance is cheaper than an intrigue. Now that we have broken the ice, and that it is agreed that Aldershot should be a permanent establishment, we must, as Mr. HERBERT advises *in limine*, keep our troops in divisions and brigades rather than in scattered regiments. As yet, we have not had an army. We have had the pinion, and balance, and escapement, but no watch. Aldershot alone will correct the main evil from which we have suffered; and if the country has sufficient common sense to believe that its liberties will not be in danger from janissaries or pretorian guards, and that freedom of debate in Westminster is not likely to be checked by a sudden march from Farnham, we shall perhaps find that we have discovered a more economical as well as a more useful distribution of our troops than the old system of keeping red-coated beaux for the ornamentation of the Devonshire or Durham county balls. If an army is a moral whole, it can never fulfil its purpose in fragments—if the conduct of a campaign is, as the Crimea has taught us, a science, it can only be scientifically learned. We concentrate at Woolwich; and the recent practice of dividing the different arms of the service, and dispersing our troops over the United Kingdom and the Colonies in single regiments, can

only be appreciated by supposing our engineers and artillery taught, in separate detachments, siege operations at Woolwich, fortification at Dartmoor, and gunnery in the Forest of Deane.

But, though we fix upon Aldershot and its permanent army as the substantial fact without which every other reform would be useless, Aldershot presupposes instruments; and Mr. HERBERT'S scheme at present deals chiefly with providing those instruments. He has given us a scheme for improving and systematizing military education. This has been—but only of late years—our great deficiency. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was the fashion for young officers to serve under the great Continental captains—much as incipient lawyers now-a-days learn their business in conveyancers' offices. Subsequently, we availed ourselves of the French military colleges. The Duke of WELLINGTON, Lord BERESFORD, and other old Peninsulars, kept terms at Angers, Strasburg, or similar seminaries. It may be questioned whether the voluntary education at Sandhurst has not proved almost as much a hindrance as a furtherance to the cause of military instruction. Scientific or professional attainment must be compulsory in the army, as in other professions. The Church has only been enabled to maintain even its present standard by making a University degree all but indispensable. We do not say that such a degree implies the best professional training for a clergyman; but it is well that holy orders cannot be gained without a specific and universal qualification. The Sandhurst curriculum has failed, first, because, not being the inevitable road to a commission, its standard has been kept too low; and secondly, because it has become a sort of point of honour among officers to forget in barrack life the technical education which they have acquired. The presence of uneducated companions has a tendency to force the educated subaltern down to their level. Something was done by the Duke of WELLINGTON'S requirement of an examination before receiving a commission; but this examination, from the nature of the case, was both low and unprofessional. At first sight, it might seem the easiest course either to multiply Sandhursts, or to force all candidates for a commission through Sandhurst; but Mr. HERBERT'S proposition is, we think, characterized by wisdom. He will not make a Sandhurst education, or any education, compulsory; but he seeks to establish an equal and a high examination for all military pupils, whether they have passed through Sandhurst or not. Substantially, this will be to call out new and effective military colleges. In academical phraseology, the purport of the proposal is to recognise the existing college, and to encourage the establishment of independent halls; and competition will keep up both the voluntary and established institutions at a high pitch. Sandhurst, however, is to be reformed. It is no longer to be both a school and a college. The earliest age of admission is to be postponed from thirteen to sixteen, with obvious advantages to the moral character and efficiency of the establishment; and indirectly the great public schools will receive an impetus to which we make no doubt they will fully respond, as they cannot but feel the compliment which the House of Commons has paid them in acknowledging that they do give that sort of general moral training and sense of duty which restricted schools, such as Carshalton, will always fail to impart. This is true wisdom. Specific professional education must not commence too early. Our best divines and physicians are those who pass through the microcosm of public schools; and the vice of the opposite plan is best illustrated by the cramping effects of the *petits séminaires* in which the Continental clergy are trained as Levites from infancy.

But Mr. HERBERT does not propose to stop with this preliminary training and its compulsory examination. The military graduate must pass the schools more than once; for there is to be an examination for promotion, as well as for first commissions. Without Aldershot and its permanent camp, this innovation would be impossible. The Marlow College for senior instruction should, it is suggested, be revived at Farnham; and for all staff appointments a longer and more rigorous training of three years is to be required. Military instructors are consequently to be attached to the head-quarters of every division. These three years are to be spent in acquiring practical acquaintance with the several arms of the service; and the selection to staff appointments is to be exclusively made from among those who have satisfactorily complied with these conditions.

Officers should, as Mr. HERBERT proposes, have the right of getting instruction wherever they think fit—in the Colonies, for example—since the same examination ought to be passed in all cases. The single objection urged to the proposed system of staff education was by Sir DE LACY EVANS, who—and it was the only weak point in his otherwise sensible speech—remarked that, at the end of the Peninsular War, we had the best staff service in the world. The problem is, however, to secure the same efficiency at the commencement of a war. The Crimean disasters are a high price to pay for an efficient staff.

The difficulty of the proposed reforms will be found in the system of purchase. Mr. HERBERT's scheme will undoubtedly tend to discourage, or at least to limit, amateur soldiering; but, in the present state of society, we have no fears that the higher classes, who are already looking askance at the civil service under a system of examination and competition, will be deterred from the military profession, because, while its expenses remain the same, its standard of qualification is raised. In proportion as a profession becomes more honourable, it will be more attractive to ambition, even should it in the process become less ornamental. We have no fears for the popularity of the army. It is to be regretted that, in the course of the debate, Mr. PEEL, true to effete official traditions, and displaying rather the will than the capacity to obstruct and cavil, permitted himself to revive the unworthy sophism and sneer against "book learning." He must have known, however, that we do not expect a Commander-in-Chief always to be ready with the Differential Calculus; but we do require all officers to have a distinct professional training. If such training is impossible without some knowledge of mathematics, it is totally beside the question to say that "common sense, sound judgment, a clear mind, and indefatigable activity of body," are essentials to a good officer. Of course they are—but it is ridiculous to say that these qualifications are either impaired or discouraged by education. If he meant this, he had better have said so; but at present it is enough to deny the possibility of Mr. UNDER-SECRETARY'S ideal officers, for we have not yet met with such a phenomenon as the sound judgment and clear mind of an uneducated booby. With Mr. HERBERT, "we are at a loss to know where an example is to be found of this physiological"—and he might have added this psychological—"curiosity."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

WITH one half at least of society, Sir ERSKINE PERRY is the hero of the day. His devotion to the fair sex knows no limits. There is no reservation about the principle for which he is prepared to contend. All the wrongs which women have endured, from the Creation downwards, are to be redressed by the simple panacea of this chivalrous knight errant. One thing only is needful—namely, to annihilate the common law, and deal with the property of married women by the same rules as all other property. Once let this golden rule of equality be introduced, and wives will live a life of peace and tranquillity. The bonds of matrimony will cease to chafe, and the married woman will be as independent as in her days of maidenhood. She will spend what she likes of her own money, and pay what she can of her own debts.

In support of such a principle, even a despairing effort against the tyranny of men would have entitled Sir ERSKINE to an imperishable crown. But he has done more. Not only has he broken a good lance in the ladies' battle—he has already reaped an earnest of success. He has moved his resolutions. He has enlisted the heir of the House of Derby on his side. He has won the cordial concurrence of the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and has almost converted the wary SOLICITOR-GENERAL himself. Mr. WHITE-SIDE has joined stoutly in the cry; and though the resolutions were at last withdrawn, it was only on the express understanding that the Government would take the matter up, and that the CHANCELLOR himself would aid in preparing a measure to vindicate the rights of women. There never was so easy a victory. Even the ladies themselves are puzzled to understand how it happened that their champion won so complete and so sudden a triumph. We know some fair dames, of a rather suspicious turn of mind, who have conned the debate over and over again to see whether it is not all a delusion. But no! there could be no mistake. There was Sir ERSKINE'S avowal, that wives were

all to enjoy their own again, just like old maids and husbands. The resolutions, to be sure, said something about law and equity which was not quite intelligible, but then, of course, they must mean the same as the speech which introduced them, and if so, the great reform was all but accomplished.

We are sorry to be obliged to damp the hopes which the discussion has excited, but truth compels us to explain to the victims of matrimony that the resolutions which were so favourably received form but a very insignificant part of the redress which Sir E. PERRY has pledged himself to gain for his clients. The propositions which he asked the House to affirm were, in substance, these—that the rules of the common law which give all the personal property and earnings of a wife to her husband are unjust and injurious, that the principles of equity which recognise separate property in a married woman are in accordance with the requirements of the age, and that the conflict between law and equity ought to be terminated by a general law, based on the principles of equity, which should apply to all classes. It would seem natural to the uninitiated to infer from these resolutions that a perpetual conflict was actually being carried on between the Courts of Chancery and Common Law, and that Lord CRANWORTH was daily exerting himself to win for married women the rights which Lord CAMPBELL was equally determined to transfer to their husbands. But, in point of fact, there is no real conflict at all, and it would be much more accurate to say that there is a division of jurisdiction, which it may, as a matter of convenience, be desirable to end. If Sir E. PERRY'S proposals were actually carried out, the substantial result would only be to alter the Court to which a married woman would have to apply in order to enforce the rights that the law allows her. If she should desire to have a reasonable portion of a legacy settled for the benefit of herself and children, she might have to instruct a learned gentleman in a wig at Westminster, instead of one of his brethren at Lincoln's Inn. The matter might come before the Queen's Bench, or the Exchequer, instead of the High Court of Chancery; and, except so far as the proceedings might be made more simple and inexpensive, the lady would derive no benefit from the change. It would be a mere transfer of jurisdiction from one judge to another, without any alteration of the suitor's rights.

There is much to be said in favour of a consolidation of the Courts of Law and Equity, but it is a question which, after all, is of more interest to legal practitioners than to the public at large, who, we presume, are somewhat indifferent to the Court which gives them redress, so long as the relief afforded remains the same. We cordially concur with Sir ERSKINE PERRY in desiring a fusion of our rival tribunals; but we wish to see them combined, not merely on the isolated subject of matrimonial rights, but on every other point in which they differ. For example, we cannot understand why, when an estate is conveyed to A. as a trustee for B., a Court of Common Law should hold that A. is the owner, and leave it to the Lord CHANCELLOR to enforce the trust in favour of B. The arrangement is an anomaly exactly akin to that which leaves some of a married woman's rights to the exclusive protection of equity; and it would be just as easy to frame a series of resolutions to redress the injustice of the law in the matter of trusteeship as in the matter of wives. We have no doubt that Sir E. PERRY would give his vote in favour of such a motion as the following:—That the rule of law which treats a trustee as absolute owner of the trust estate is unjust and injurious—that the practice of Courts of Equity, which enforce trusts, is much more consistent with justice—and that the conflict on the subject should be ended by a general law compelling all Courts to recognise the existence of trusts. These resolutions are just as much called for as his own, but they would not touch the position of trustees, any more than the motion of Tuesday last would, if carried, have affected the status of married women.

As the law stands, a trustee is compellable to perform his duty, although the machinery of two Courts, instead of one, may sometimes have to be called into requisition. So a wife can enforce her legal and equitable rights, though she may often be driven to resort to the Court of Chancery for the purpose. The mode of procedure may be, and in fact is, somewhat clumsy; but if the most perfect union were effected between the two sides of Westminster Hall, neither a married woman nor any one else would gain a single privilege, except that of resorting to a more convenient tribunal.

In a word, the famous motion of Sir **ERSKINE PERRY**—although a sensible plan, so far as it goes, for improving the practice and procedure of our tribunals in matrimonial cases—does not suggest any alteration whatever of the rights which married women already enjoy, or any alleviation of the wrongs under which they pine.

When the ladies have once appreciated this fact, they will be able to judge whether the almost unanimous adhesion of the House of Commons to the principle of the projected reform is as certain to be followed by a general emancipation of women as they may at first have imagined. Perhaps, also, they may incline to think—and here we are disposed to agree with them—that a project for improving the practice of the Courts was but a lame and impotent conclusion to an oration on the right of wives to share all the privileges of the stronger sex. We hope, however, that our explanation will not deprive Sir **ERSKINE** of the confidence of his fair clients; for he has done real service in directing attention to the status of married women, which admits of much improvement without revolutionizing the notions of the conjugal relation which have prevailed since the world began. We had intended to offer some modest suggestions, by which, as it appears to us, the position of married women might be made more easy and secure; but, being conscious how far our ideas fall short of Sir **ERSKINE**'s, we have thought it expedient, in the first instance, to dissipate the prevalent delusion that the House of Commons had carried all the rights of women by acclamation. Now that the field is, as we hope we have shown, still open, we may on some future occasion put forward our own less ambitious proposals.

ITALY.

THE present prospects of Italy are not hopeful. Austria is allied with England and France, and consequently is at liberty to oppress the Peninsula without resistance. The Western Powers will scarcely find an opportunity of opposing their confederate as long as the independence of Sardinia is respected; and the strong language used by Count **CAVOUR**, and reciprocated by Count **BUOL**, will probably lead to no actual collision, for neither party can afford to risk the consequences of an aggressive movement. Since the accession of **CHARLES ALBERT**, and more especially within the last ten or twelve years, the Court of Vienna has omitted no opportunity of showing unfriendly feeling to the only Italian Sovereign who refuses to accept Austrian patronage. Vexatious Customs' duties and police regulations have impeded intercourse on the frontier, and the sequestrations imposed on the estates of Lombards resident in Piedmont have combined affront with injury; whilst the fidelity of the present King and of his father to the Constitution of 1848 has increased the hostility of their powerful neighbour. The unfortunate failure of the Sardinian arms in 1848 and 1850 prevented or postponed the liberation of Italy, and the termination of the war left both belligerents in their former position. England and France would be compelled to resent any encroachment on the territory of Piedmont, but their Governments would deprecate any attempt against the Austrian dominions and dependencies.

On one point, the hostile diplomatists are agreed. It is not pretended, on either side, that the **POPE** and his subjects ought to be left to settle their disputes without assistance. So long ago as 1831, the Five Great Powers proposed to **GREGORY XVI.** a system of administrative reform, which remains up to the present time in abeyance. Count **CAVOUR**, in a certain sense, excuses the inaction of the Pontifical Government by his assertion that secularization and the *Code Napoléon*, introduced at Rome itself, would sap the temporal power of the Holy See to its foundations. His proposals are therefore confined to the four provinces of Bologna, Ravenna, Ferrara, and Forlì, commonly called the Legations. The misgovernment of this portion of Italy is a matter of notoriety. Fanatical and ignorant prelates have added their own caprices to the perverse regulations of an obsolete political system. One of the provincial Legates prohibited physicians from attending sick persons who declined to receive the sacraments, and ordered that every man should be compelled, by ecclesiastical process, to marry any young woman to whom he could be proved to have paid attentions. The absence of an efficient police was supplied by a sort of Ribbon Club, well known as the *Sanfedisti*, the members of which were permitted to commit almost any outrage with impunity. The imbecile

tyranny of the Papal administration produced numerous revolts, which were in almost all instances successful. The present **EMPEROR** of the **FRENCH** first entered upon his extraordinary career by taking arms against the Provisional Government after the failure of an abortive conspiracy at Rome; but Austria was always ready to repress resistance, and France, by the occupation of Ancona—and, at a later period, by the expedition to Rome—under a show of rivalry and counteraction, virtually maintained and adopted the policy of Austria. Those who secure oppressors from resistance and retribution are responsible for all their misdeeds; and the chronic anarchy of the Legations, which has now continued for forty years, is principally attributable to that Power which professes to be the most rigid devotee of order.

Careless writers and talkers are grossly unjust to the Italians, when they infer that a nation which submits to servitude must be unfit for liberty. The Italians are perfectly capable of bringing their rulers to reason if foreign interference were excluded. The subjects of each separate State could achieve their freedom for themselves; or the nation, as one political community, could still more easily assert its rights. The mal-administration of the Legations and the cruelties of Naples are only rendered possible by the presence of foreign armies in the Peninsula. The French Government would probably be content to relinquish its hold on Rome if the **POPE** were strong enough to maintain his position without assistance; but the Austrians have shown no disposition to make the introduction of rational reforms a condition of their support.

The theory of interference by one State in the affairs of another depends more upon motives of policy and of interest than on the rules of international law. In modern times, it has become an English maxim not to take a part in the internal disputes of foreign countries. At first sight, the presumption would be in favour of occasional intervention, for no moral rule requires individuals or nations to be passive witnesses of oppression and injustice; but it is found in practice that interference is rarely disinterested or beneficial. Domestic quarrels are embittered by foreign participation, and on the whole it is expedient that, in every political community, the strongest party should prevail. External aid disturbs the natural balance of local power, without furnishing the means of a permanent readjustment. There may be cases in which an alliance with a party is justifiable—as when **ELIZABETH** or **CROMWELL** undertook the support of the Protestant cause on the Continent—but, as a rule, it is better to abstain from intervention. Crusades, which once seemed the noblest of all enterprises, have been found the most unjust and unprofitable of wars.

The Austrian theory, as applied to States, is simple and intelligible. Count **BUOL** announces that his Court will in all cases accede to the demands of Sovereigns for assistance, and that it will not take advantage of its position to enforce the adoption even of those reforms which it might otherwise be willing to countenance. It is a discredit to national jurisprudence that a system so profoundly immoral should be countenanced by customary law. The American **PRESIDENT** professes to recognise all Governments *de facto*, although the practice of the United States is liable to vary with circumstances; but the members of the Holy Alliance undertook the monstrous task of guaranteeing, and of restoring, in case of need, all Governments which they chose to consider legitimate. The perjured **FERDINAND** of Spain was relieved from constitutional restrictions already imposed, by the French army under the Duke of **ANGULÊME**. The perjured **FERDINAND** of Naples received a similar benefit from the arms of Austria. General **CRENNEVILLE** has at present only existing abuses to maintain at Parma; but almost all the petty princes of Upper Italy have at different times fled from their dominions, and they have owed their restoration to the aid of the same foreign protector. The **POPE** and his Ministers are probably, under any circumstances, incapable of effecting serious improvements; but as long as they are secured from the consequences of neglect, it is by no means likely that they will attempt any beneficial change. A perpetual warranty of rulers against their subjects is necessarily unjust and oppressive.

It would be an error to suppose that Count **BUOL**'s professions of respect for the independence of sovereigns are as sincere as his declarations of hostility to malcontent populations. A protected State is not at liberty either to refuse the aid which is offered, or to initiate the administrative

improvements which might render it independent of an onerous support. During the Austrian occupation of Tuscany, the GRAND DUKE was often and ostentatiously reminded that, as a prince of the Imperial Family, he owed allegiance to the head of his house. Successive Popes have regarded with open jealousy the foreign occupation of the Legations; and one of the first acts of PIUS IX. consisted in an energetic protest against the seizure of Ferrara. It is not forgotten that at the Congress of Vienna Prince METTERNICH desired to add the ecclesiastical provinces to the Austrian possessions in Lombardy. It cannot even be known whether the helpless woman who nominally administers the government of Parma has invited or welcomed her domineering protector; and the military commanders would probably respect her decree for the withdrawal of their troops, as much as WALKER would regard a similar application on the part of the President of NICARAGUA.

Strange as it may appear, the tyrant of Naples possesses two merits in the eyes of honest Italians. He trains and keeps on foot a numerous army, and he watches narrowly all attempts at Papal encroachment. It is hoped that the Neapolitan troops may at some future time help to vindicate the national independence. Austria guarantees the actual system of oppression only in the background; and the POPE cannot extort, from the most superstitious of crowned devotees, the right to nominate a single bishop. The accident of a good or able prince on the throne might at once place Naples on a level with Piedmont; but, unfortunately, such an occurrence is not probable among the Italian offshoots of the Spanish Bourbons. Count CAVOUR's plan may possibly, however, acquire consistency, if the ancient antagonism between the two great Catholic Powers should revive. Italian independence has never received any efficient support from France; but in former years there was no vigorous sub-Alpine Government to profit by a diversion of the Austrian forces. The Sardinian Minister scarcely utters his whole mind when he recalls the traditions of NAPOLEON's Italian kingdom; and the inhabitants of the Legations will better know the conditions of national independence, when the opportunity arrives. For the present, Italians have only to persevere in the patient expectation which has been so long imposed upon them by fortune. Count CAVOUR himself admits that the Western Powers could not interfere against Austria; and Piedmont is too weak to accomplish alone the task which she may perhaps hereafter undertake.

A BOTTLE OF SMOKE.

OF all self-denials, the easiest is that which checks and disappoints other people's appetites; and of all charities, the cheapest is that which is liberal with what is not one's own. A conscientious scruple, too, is a very good thing; but when we talk of foregoing this or that gratification for conscience' sake, we must be quite sure of the amount of sacrifice we pretend to make. There is such a thing as to

Compound for sins we are inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to.

This is the sort of lesson which certain religious teachers require to be impressed with. If a man does not know a note of music, ten to one that he denounces the sinfulness of the Opera—a regular diner-out throughout the London season can afford to be severe upon Cremorne—and for a preacher to be strong against the ball-room and the race-course requires so little of personal sacrifice that the real self-denial would be if he were made to dance, or to go to Ascot.

At Manchester, last week, a meeting was held, over which Canon STOWELL presided, of "the British Anti-Tobacco Society." The members of this body, we suppose, do not smoke. Tobacco does not agree with them. There are a great many people with whom the Indian herb does not agree. They dislike the smell of smoke—it makes them sick. With such people we have no quarrel. But we have a right to hint to them that their dislike of tobacco should not teach them to violate truth and charity. Still less should they elevate their biliary idiosyncrasies into conscientious scruples; and least of all ought they, as religious people, to libel their neighbours and brethren, who may perhaps be just as good Christians as themselves. At this meeting, certain "sentiments" were moved "in favour of abolishing the use of tobacco, as being injurious to the human body—as tending to create drunkards—and pledging the meeting to use all efforts to discourage smoking." Among such efforts, that

of telling little fibs about smoke and smokers is not to be neglected. Canon STOWELL thus expresses himself:—

His reason for identifying himself, if not with this society, of which he knew little, but with the cause, was, because he was opposed to the use of tobacco, whether by chewing, snuffing, or smoking, as an uncleanly habit, involving enormous expenditure, and tending to produce selfishness, and to deaden the benevolent feelings of the heart. Medical men agree that the use of tobacco injures the physical frame. It also injures the mind; and, although Dr. Parr and others spoke of its soothing effects, he had yet to learn that inveterate smokers wrote the best books. Smoking is also objectionable from the companionship to which it leads. It induces thirst, which cold water may at first satisfy, but afterwards beer, ale, porter, gin, and brandy are required, till the smoker finally becomes a sot.

With these folks' private sentiments we have no quarrel; but when they pledge themselves, as they did in the sequel, "to use all efforts to discourage smoking," and when one of those efforts is to libel more than half the human race, we have a right to interfere, at least in the way of quiet protest, against their facts and their logic. Were not this Mr. STOWELL a "Canon"—did he not represent a certain, and, as we think, a most mischievous aspect of the religious world—we should not consider his nonsense worthy of a moment's attention. But this "touch not, taste not, handle not" religion is simply a revival of Judaism and the Judaizing spirit. Does not Mr. STOWELL know that this is the very spirit of legal narrow ordinances which has been rightly objected to when embodied in the technical and Pharisaic morality of the Jesuits? What is there *per se* in tobacco more unlawful than in tea, in mustard, or in beer or wine? Of course tobacco may be condemned on that high ascetic and Manichean view of duty which prevails in the cloister or in Benares; and if Mr. STOWELL is equally strong in his denunciations of any strong drink, any dainty food, any smart attire, or of any other luxury or comfort or enjoyment of life, he may then, and then only, denounce tobacco. All carnal enjoyments are unlawful—tobacco is a carnal enjoyment—tobacco is unlawful. Will Mr. STOWELL endorse this argument? Here, however, is an intelligible and wide ground of objection to tobacco. This we can understand. But for a speaker, especially for a religious speaker, to denounce tobacco upon principle, and yet to drink tea and coffee twice a day, and to consume pepper, mustard, or horseradish, at least once, is to our minds, sheer hypocrisy, and a gross abuse of religious influence and clerical station. As to an Anti-Tobacco Society, this is only an impertinent interference with Christian liberty and our neighbour's taste. An Anti-STOWELL Society would be quite as useful, and perhaps more sensible. There are—we own that we are of the party—many to whom pride and ignorance, bad logic and cant, are as insufferable as tobacco is to Mr. STOWELL. They turn our stomach, and disturb our moral digestion. There are other things besides tobacco which "tend to produce selfishness, and to deaden the benevolent feelings of the heart." Let Mr. STOWELL get up a society to discourage these vices, and let his charity begin at home.

"Medical men agree that the use of tobacco injures the physical frame." Medical men, *pace* STOWELL, agree in no such view. CHRISTISON, the great toxicologist, concludes "that no well-ascertained ill-effects have been shown to result from the habitual practice of smoking." Dr. PEBREIRA testifies to its healthy effects both on the mind and body. Even Dr. PROUT, the highest medical authority of the day who can be cited against tobacco, only speaks of what "is said" of its deleterious effects. So far from the medical "agreement" being with Mr. STOWELL, it is just the other way. LOCKE says that "tobacco may be neglected, but reason at first recommends the trial, and custom makes it pleasant." "It also," we are told, "injures the mind." Professor JOHNSTON, himself no smoker, concludes, from the testimony of mankind—for, next to salt, tobacco is the article most largely consumed by man—that "its greatest and first effect is to assuage and allay and soothe the agitation in general, and that its after effect is to excite and invigorate, and at the same time to give steadiness and fixity to, the powers of thought." BACON, NEWTON, and BARROW smoked—tobacco spoiled neither the intellect of the philosophers, nor the religion of the divine. A fact accepted and acted upon daily by at least five hundred millions of men is not to be got rid of by Mr. STOWELL's crude and uncharitable assumptions. As to the evil companionship and drunkenness which, we are told, tobacco produces, it is to be confuted by facts. Tobacco is more largely consumed in Germany, Belgium, and France, than in England. Which are the most temperate countries? The Eastern nations are the greatest smokers in the world, and drunkenness is unknown among them.

What if consumers of tobacco were to carry the war into

the enemy's country, and establish an Anti-Tea League? The experiment of such a crusade against general consent would be ridiculous, but it might be supported by equally plausible and equally foolish arguments with Mr. STOWELL's. Tea is an exotic and an un-English beverage. "Why," asks King JAMES, in his *Counterblast*, "should we follow Indian savages in consuming tobacco? or why Chinese barbarians in drinking tea?" Tea "involves enormous expenditure"—for example, the duty on tea paid in 1849 in Great Britain amounted to more than 5,000,000*l.*; whilst that on tobacco, in 1855, was less than that sum. Again, we are told that our waste on tobacco is scandalous; to which we answer that smoke is not more expensive than thin potatoes, and that we could in time pay off the National Debt, if we pleased, out of the national tea-pot. If Mr. STOWELL and his friends are to be taken as specimens of the moral results of tea-drinking, we, too, may say that "tea produces selfishness, and deadens the benevolent feelings." Medical men have pronounced tea to be a slow poison; and although COWPER and others "speak of its soothing effects," we "have yet to learn that inveterate tea-drinkers write the best books." Tea-drinking "is also objectionable from the companionship to which it leads." It brings old ladies and religious people of Mr. STOWELL's complexion into dangerous familiarities. It induces narrow-mindedness, gossip, and scandal—it "wastes time and ruins the constitution," &c. &c., till the tea-drinker "finally becomes a social nuisance and a nervous dyspeptic." We are told by one of the Manchester sentimentalists that "one young man" whom Dr. M'KERROW has heard of, "though not fast, spends a pound a-week on tobacco;" to which we reply that one Dr. JOHNSON, whom the world has heard of, though not slow, used to drink sixteen cups of tea every evening.

It is not of the folly so much as of the mischievousness of this Manchester maundering, especially in its religious aspect, that we complain. Fools and busybodies we can make up our minds to; but we have no patience with fools and busybodies denouncing as sinful and wicked the honest and harmless tastes of their neighbours. Especially have we to complain of this in religious teachers. Pope URBAN published a bull against tobacco. The Russian CZAR denounced it under the pain of the knout. Even the Ulemahs, on its first introduction into Islam, declared smoking a sin against the Koran. WESLEY tried to prohibit, and Mr. HUGH STOWELL denounces it. In each and every case they fail, because common sense revolts from this dictation. The Gospel, let us hint to Mr. STOWELL, is against this arbitrary selection and proscription in things in their nature indifferent. Christian liberty requires temperance in all things; but the law of Christ condemns that bigoted, narrow, and selfish sectarianism of spirit which "judges us in meat and drink, and in Sabbath days." We require no man to smoke or to drink wine, or to listen to Sunday bands; but if the Gospel condemns anything, it discountenances the uncharitable presumption of anti-tobacco leagues, and Maine liquor-laws, and Sabbatical observances. Religion suffers by this insolent abuse and perversion of its free spirit. Wise men and good men blush, and bad men scoff, at Mr. STOWELL and his foolish fanatical friends. If this sort of thing is to go on, we shall by and by have an anti-Melted-Butter Society, and a League for the prohibition of Mint-Sauce.

THE OATH OF ABJURATION.

THE new form given to the old question of Jewish disabilities has placed the opponents of religious liberty in a position of ludicrous embarrassment. So long as the annual Jew Bill was a mere proposition to divest the Parliamentary oath of the sanction afforded by the words "on the true faith of a Christian," it was easy to denounce the measure as a godless attempt to place the Legislature at the mercy, first of Jews, and then of Mahometans, Pagans, and infidels, until the unchristianized House should at last succeed in unchristianizing the country, and sapping the foundations of the national faith. All this we were accustomed to in *Blackwood*; and those who desire to enjoy a vivid picture of the portentous consequences of allowing Baron ROTHSCHILD to take his seat, may find them worked up anew in the model harangue of that great master of horrors, the Member for Midhurst. For ourselves, we have no appetite for this controversy. There are some people who are secure against refutation. Logic

won't touch them. Reasoning may avail against argument; but it is utterly useless when opposed to the perorations of a WARREN. You might as well try to catch a rainbow in a net as to grapple with the unctuous rhapsodies of this most Christian senator. One point of his speech is, however, admirable for its courage, if not for its good sense. He was not to be diverted from the real object of the insidious Bill which professes only to seek the abolition of an obsolete oath. He was not in the least troubled by the absurdity of exacting a pledge to maintain the throne against King JAMES and his adherents. It was enough for him that the oath kept out the Jews; and though it was true that the sanction was added for a totally different purpose, he was quite prepared to retain the oath, although confessedly useless, for the sake of the incidental and accidental operation of the appended formula. The exclusion of the Jew is the great end which, in the minds of a peculiar class of politicians, will justify any means, however absurd. Certainly there is something worse than ridiculous in perpetuating an oath of the substance of which everybody is ashamed, just because it happens to be couched in a form which implies that the person to whom it is administered acknowledges the Christian faith.

If it is desirable or just to restrict admission to the House of Commons to those who consider themselves Christians, let the object be effected by a straightforward declaration of faith, and not by an accidental phrase inserted in an obsolete oath. We should have the greatest possible respect for any man who, thinking the presence of Jews a desecration of the Legislature, should bring in a Bill to enact their exclusion. We should differ *in toto* from his views, but we should acknowledge him as a frank and honest opponent, ready to stand or fall by his principles. But we can feel no such respect for politicians who, professing to monopolize the orthodoxy of the country, condescend to vote for the continuance of an oath which no one can take without "a smile or a sigh"—and that with the avowed object of enforcing a religious test which the oath was not meant to impose, and which the House of Commons would assuredly never introduce. Such a course, however congenial to the more exalted members of the party of bigotry, is, in fact, too bold to be avowed by those who have any reputation for logic to maintain. Sir FREDERICK THESIGER recoiled from the position which had no terrors for the author of the *Lily and the Bee*. He felt that it was not enough to contend for the propriety of excluding Baron ROTHSCHILD, and that he could only oppose the abolition of the Oath of Abjuration by finding some pretext for retaining a portion, at least, of the obsolete form.

The pretext which he has found for accomplishing this object only serves to show the straits to which he is reduced. The Oath of Allegiance, says Sir FREDERICK, is totally insufficient for its purpose. It might be taken in favour of any sovereign *de facto*; and the Abjuration Oath is needful, not merely to exclude the defunct Pretenders of the last century, but to meet the Jesuitical distinction between a *de jure* and a *de facto* monarch. Most people have supposed that all claims founded on this distinction had long since fallen into oblivion, and that the known fact that the House of Modena is descended from an elder branch of our Royal Family was a matter of more interest to genealogists than to politicians. But if we are to believe the ex-ATTORNEY-GENERAL, it is necessary to retain the Oath of Abjuration as a security against the pretensions of a Roman Catholic sovereign of a petty Italian State. One might have imagined that the Act of Parliament by which the succession to the Crown is regulated was a sufficient protection against any such peril; but we are gravely warned that, if we abolish the Oath of Abjuration, we shall find that the claim of Modena is no mere phantom, and that it is only not enforced because a convenient time for enforcing it has not arrived.

Sir FREDERICK must indeed have been sadly perplexed by Mr. MILNER GIBSON's Bill when he found himself obliged to profess apprehensions of a possible Italian conquest of these kingdoms. The reasons he alleges for anticipating such a catastrophe are even more exquisitely absurd than the fears which he has endeavoured to persuade himself and the House to entertain. Sir FREDERICK THESIGER actually deems it a matter of serious moment that, in the year 1841, Archbishop CULLEN republished certain papal bulls issued in the reign of James II., by which the Pontiff notified to that worthy king the appointment of good Catholics to certain bishoprics in the Irish Church. So far as we can discover, Archbishop

CULLEN could not have done anything more utterly devoid of political significance or importance; but Sir FREDERICK smells mischief in the matter. "Why," he asks, "were these bulls brought out of the Papal armoury, if there was no intention to put forward a claim which they might establish on a fitting occasion?" And there is, it seems, a still more serious ground for alarm. There was once published in Ireland a book called *De Hiberniâ Dominicanâ*, which stated the unquestionable fact that there were many Catholic Princes of nearer blood to the STUARTS than the heirs of SOPHIA of Hanover, and which referred to a genealogical tree as evidence of the truth of the assertion. The fact is one which every schoolboy is aware of, but it was reserved for Sir FREDERICK THESIGER to unravel the web of treason which the publication in question indicated. Here is the terrible inference which his sagacity has drawn:—"Archbishop CULLEN must have been in possession of that genealogical tree, and therefore he published his selection of bulls." We confess that, even admitting the hypothesis, we are not altogether overwhelmed with terror. In fairness to Sir FREDERICK, we have given with scrupulous accuracy the reasons which lead him to dread a Modenese invasion, and to insist on the maintenance of the Oath of Abjuration as the only salvation for the country from the dark plots of Archbishop CULLEN; but, in sober seriousness, we are ashamed to see a man of real talent, who has filled the most important legal offices, condescend to such childish folly. If he must persist in his opposition to the tolerant spirit of our times, he might surely plead the cause of bigotry and exclusion without affecting to believe that the throne of Queen VICTORIA is in danger from the supposed designs of an Italian Duke and an Irish Archbishop.

We are well aware that the question has reached a stage at which arguments, either on the one side or the other, are utterly useless. There is happily no doubt as to the settled conviction of the House of Commons—we fear there is as little with respect to the dogged determination of the House of Lords. If, however, we may not indulge in any sanguine hope of sensible legislation on the subject, we are bound to protest against the senseless arguments by which such legislation is resisted. If the Lords are resolved again to reject the Jew Bill, we trust that they will at least have the good taste to abstain from endorsing the idle fears which Sir F. THESIGER has dilated into such formidable proportions.

INDIA.

THE short interval which divided January, 1848, from March, 1856, will be remembered in European history as a period almost equally remarkable for its great and glorious events and for its terrible calamities. India also had its vicissitudes during these memorable years, but with this difference, that while, in the West, there was more to lament than to rejoice over, in the East it was exactly the reverse. Our great Asiatic Empire was, during all this period, administered by the Marquis of Dalhousie. In a clear, comprehensive, and nobly simple minute, the great Proconsul reviewed, just before quitting India, the history of his Government; and we now propose to lay before our readers a summary of the more important parts of that remarkable document.

Since the commencement of 1848, two great wars—neither of them of our seeking, but both successfully waged—namely, the second struggle with the Sikhs, and the conflict with Burmah, have brought new honour to the British arms. Four kingdoms, with several minor possessions, have passed under her Majesty's sway. Of these, the Punjab and Pegu were acquired by conquest, Nagpore became British territory by lapse, and Oude was "assumed in perpetual government." The Principality of Satara was acquired by lapse, and the Nizam assigned to us Berar and other districts of his States in repayment of debts and for certain other purposes. Four millions sterling have, by these acquisitions, been added to the revenue of India. The whole country is tranquil; and although, as Lord Dalhousie observes, "no prudent man, who has any knowledge of Eastern affairs, would ever venture to predict the maintenance of continued peace within our Eastern dominions," there seems no ground whatever for any immediate apprehension on this score. The continuance of peace with Burmah appears certain, for the Burman Court and people now dread our power; and in their dread "is the only real security for peace with them which we ever can have." Nepal is engaged in war with Thibet; and thus she gives umbrage to China. Her minister has seen our power in Europe. The fear of a powerful neighbour, and the knowledge of our resources, will both, it may be hoped, contribute to keep her firm in a friendship which she has proved for forty years. Gholab Sing, of Cashmere, "grasps," to use his own expression, "the skirts of the British Government." An advantageous treaty has been concluded with the Khan of Khelat, and with our old enemy, Dost Mahomed, of Cabool. Raids and forays

continue on the Western border, and will do so; but they are as much matters of course, when we have barbarians for our neighbours, as "street brawls in London."

Trade prospers. In eight years the tonnage of the vessels entering the port of Calcutta has "doubled in amount." The finances were relieved to a certain extent by the conversion of the five per cent. loan; and the annual deficiency is not more than must be expected during the progress of works so gigantic, as some of those now being carried on in India. The administrative successes in the Punjab are in the mouths of all; and even in Pegu much has been done. That province only wants inhabitants to make it rival or surpass Bengal. Peace has been preserved in Nagpore since it came under our rule, and "beyond the palace walls not a murmur has been heard." The assigned districts of Hyderabad were handed over without "one shot being fired in anger." Since we possessed them, crime has decreased, and the noblest cotton districts of India are ready to answer the demand of our market. No disturbances have attended our assumption of the government of Oude.

Passing over a number of minor political topics which Lord Dalhousie enumerates, we may notice the appointment of a Legislative Council for India, and of a Lieutenant-Governor for Bengal, the opening of the Civil Service to competition, the improved rules for the studies of young civil officers, and the periodical examinations now necessary for promotion in the Civil Service. The substitution of a single Board, consisting of three members, for the two Boards, consisting each of two members, which formerly managed the revenues of the Lower Provinces, and other similar changes, are, however important, not very generally interesting; but most people will learn with pleasure that advance has been made in prison discipline and in education. The prison reforms are due to the late Mr. Thomason, who began them in the North-west Provinces. Inspectors of prisons have been appointed to carry them out. Education in India, as well as prison discipline, received its first great impulse from the hand of Mr. Thomason; but the elaborate scheme propounded in "the great education despatch, dated July 19th, 1854," is due, if we are correctly informed, to one whose name stands as high in the educated world generally as does that of Mr. Thomason in India. "It left nothing," says Lord Dalhousie, "to be desired, if indeed it did not authorize and direct that more should be done than is within our present grasp." Vernacular schools throughout the districts, Government colleges of a higher grade, and a university in each of the three Presidencies of India, were the main features of this great plan," which is being carried into effect. Particular attention is now paid to the subject of female education—one which, it is hardly necessary to say, encompassed in India with very peculiar difficulties. Lord Dalhousie details the progress which has been made during his Government in the construction of railways, and concludes by observing that the Court of Directors appears to have every reason to be satisfied with what has been done, and with the prospect of future results. The postage reforms have been numerous. A letter is now conveyed from Peshawur, on the Afghan frontier, to the southernmost village of Cape Comorin for no more than three farthings, and from Peshawur to John o' Groat's house for sixpence. The statistics of the Electric Telegraph in India are still more wonderful. "Four thousand miles of wire have been laid down and put in working order since the month of November, 1853," and this in spite of difficulties the most enormous. "Throughout Central India," says Dr. O'Shaughnessy, "the country crossed has no metal roads and few bridges; the jungles also, in many places, are deadly for at least half the year, and there is no police for the protection of the lines;" yet the cost of their construction will not, it is believed, exceed five hundred rupees a mile. The charges for the conveyance of messages are very moderate. Twenty-four words sent from London to Trieste cost twenty-two shillings. Twenty-four words sent from Bombay to Calcutta, about the same distance, 1600 miles, cost twelve shillings. The charge for a message of sixteen words, forwarded from Calcutta to Bangalore, more than 2000 miles, is ten shillings. The first bulletin of overland news has been repeatedly forwarded from Bombay to Calcutta in forty minutes. The branch telegraph, from Cawnpore to Lucknow, was commenced on the 7th of February in this year, as soon as the government of Oude was assumed. On the morning on which Lord Dalhousie resigned the government, General Outram was asked by telegraph, "Is all well in Oude?" The answer, "All is well in Oude," met Lord Canning on his arrival.

Some other less important material improvements are next detailed in the Minute. In particular, we may name the opening of the coasting trade of India, the abolition of the duties levied on the Punjab frontier, the impulse given to the cultivation of tea in Assam and in the upper districts of the North-west Provinces, the assistance afforded by Government to the Agricultural and Horticultural Society in the Punjab, and the introduction of sheep into Pegu, which had been supposed impracticable. Great attention is now given to the preservation and renewal of the forests in various districts and to the plantation of trees in the bare plains of the Punjab. Efforts are being made to obtain iron and coal. Borax has been found to exist in great quantities, in a wild and remote country belonging to Gholab Sing, and the British authorities in India have offered to do all they can to make it available to the manufacturers of our pottery districts.

Surveys of the newly-acquired provinces have been set on foot, and the assent of the native States of Central India has been obtained to the accurate determination of the boundaries between them and the British territories. Great works of irrigation have been carried on. The main lines of the Ganges Canal, which has irrigation for its chief object, extend over 525 miles, with an extreme breadth of 170 feet, and an extreme depth of ten. "Its length is fivefold greater than that of all the main lines of Lombardy united, and more than twice as great as the aggregate irrigation lines of Lombardy and Egypt together." As a canal for navigation, it has no competitor in the world. When the branches are finished, the great work of Sir Proby Cautley will irrigate about 1,470,000 acres. Several other projects of irrigation, inferior to the Ganges Canal, but of much importance, have likewise been undertaken. We may mention the great Annicut across the Godavary. Even before 1848, the Ganges had its flotilla of river steamers, and now steam communication is established upon the Indus also. At no great expense that river could be made navigable to Attock. Since the occupation of Pegu, steam-vessels have plied on the Irrawaddy, and the navigation of the Burhampooter has of late occupied the attention of Government. Operations are being carried on to render the Godavary navigable. The approaches to the port of Calcutta have been improved, and the Mutlah channel, which may one day supersede the Hooghly, has been carefully examined. The harbour of Bombay has been rendered more commodious, and improvements have taken place at Kurrachee and at Madras. Heavy batteries have been erected at Singapore. Several pages of Lord Dalhousie's minute are filled with notices of the numerous roads which have been begun or completed during the last few years. One of the most remarkable feats in road-making was the formation of the line across the Tounghoop Pass, from Arracan into Pegu, under the direction of Lieutenant Forlong. While engaged in the prosecution of new works, the Government of India has not failed to do its utmost to preserve the remains of antiquity. In order to introduce system and regularity, a statement of the public undertakings which are thought necessary is now, year by year, prepared by the local authorities, reviewed by the Supreme Government, and submitted to the Court of Directors. A separate department of public works has been instituted, and every effort is made to obtain a supply of efficient officers. Several colleges have been founded for this express purpose.

Many of the noted evils of India have been materially diminished under Lord Dalhousie's administration. Thuggee has become almost unknown east of the Sutlej, beyond that river it exists in a very modified form. The Trans-Sutlej Thugs are mere banditti, without the dark fanaticism and mysterious bond of union which distinguished the Thugs of India. The still existing remnant of the old Thugs is known only as a quiet and prosperous community, remarkable for its success in manufactures. Female infanticide has been to a great extent suppressed, particularly in the Punjab; human sacrifice, which was at one time so common among the hill-tribes of Orissa, has been, it is believed, put a stop to in all the districts where the Government possesses any influence. Suttee has been, as is well known, for some time prohibited in the British possessions; and the right of friendly remonstrance is freely exercised whenever it occurs in a native State. It is now very rare. The comforts and the improvement of the European soldier have been much attended to—the condition of the sepoy has long been good. The use of spirits has been discontinued, new barracks have been built, punkhas and other conveniences have been everywhere introduced. The period of Indian service for the Queen's regiments has been diminished from twenty to twelve years. *Sanitaria* have been established on the hills. Greater knowledge of native languages has been required from officers. The claims of seniority have been postponed to those of merit in appointments to divisional and brigade commands; and many other changes and improvements have taken place in matters of detail. The period of the late Governor-General's rule has also witnessed the recognition of Indian military rank throughout the British Empire. The ecclesiastical establishment has been largely increased, liberal provision being made both for Protestants and Roman Catholics. Dispensaries and the practice of vaccination have been made the subjects of much care and consideration by the Government; and Lord Dalhousie believes that some proposals lately submitted to the Home authorities relative to the medical service of the Company will, if adopted, leave it second to none in the world. An Act for securing liberty of conscience, and for protecting converts to Christianity, has been passed—with numerous other measures calculated to improve the administration of justice, to increase the efficiency of police, and to further the well-being of society at large.

A man who can look back upon eight years filled with deeds like those of which we have attempted a hasty and imperfect enumeration, may be well entitled to say *vixit*, and to retreat for ever from the toils of public life. We trust, however, that the hopes of even the most sanguine among the friends of the late Governor-General may be fulfilled, and that renewed health may, ere long, enable him to devote his abilities and zeal to the service of his country. For the public this would be well, and it would be well, perhaps, for his own fame; yet we can easily believe that, to a man of Lord Dalhousie's position, there must be a great temptation to consign his memory to the keeping of Oriental

history, and to watch henceforward the acted epic of human affairs with the thoughtful but untroubled glance of Hastings or of Elphinstone. It has been said that when any one has played a conspicuous part in life, he may, from observing what is thought of him in foreign countries, form a good idea of what posterity will think of him at home. If this be true, a pamphlet which has lately reached us from Prussia is of good augury for all those who have contributed to the recent reforms in India. In the *salons* of erudite Berlin, or on the promenades of cosmopolitan Carlsbad, the Englishman often meets with Germans whose knowledge of India may well put him to shame; but this work, consisting of two papers *On the State of the Punjab*, read before the Geographical Society, of Humboldt and Ritter, shows an acquaintance with the subject, and a knowledge of the views of our wisest Eastern statesmen, which is indeed uncommon. It would need little critical discernment to refer it, even if we did not know the fact of its authorship, to one who is as widely known in India as in Germany; for it everywhere bears marks of the clear head and of the enlarged and generous views of Leopold Von Orlich.

MADAME RISTORI IN THE MEDEA.

THAT an English audience should listen with enthusiastic eagerness to three representations of M. Legouvé's *Medea*, is as high a compliment to the actress who made that ill-written play enduring as it was in our power to bestow. Englishmen are not fond of classical plays; and for classical plays that have undergone a modern French reconstruction we have a natural and legitimate abhorrence. But Madame Ristori found or made enough in the play she acted to render her part one that none who have seen her can ever forget. Her noble figure, her deep, sweet, clear, thrilling voice, her perfect management of all her powers, and her embodiment of every shifting play of passion, made a whole which placed her performance on a level with the very greatest achievements of tragic acting. Perhaps she has not the intensity of Mdlle. Rachel—she does not venture on such wild bursts of energy, nor represent mental agony with such force of physical convulsion; but she has the advantage in repose, in dignity, and in evenness of power. She never utters a sentence that is not worth studying, and never makes a gesture or assumes a look that is not perfect in its way. She fails, perhaps, in inspiring terror; but she acts *Medea* as if she were really a queen, fighting with her fate to the last, and equal to every call of fortune.

M. Legouvé composed his version of the *Medea* for Mdlle. Rachel, who declined to act it; and it was subsequently translated into Italian. The fault of the play is, that it is too obviously written to be acted, and that everything is sacrificed to making good hits for the *Medea*, and giving her scope for the display of the whole range of feeling. We are delighted to see the exhibition, but are at a loss to understand why we should see it. The plot never moves onward, and it is only by an accident that the proper number of deaths take place. As long as *Medea* has something fine to say, or something startling and effective to do, the author seems perfectly satisfied. Nothing, perhaps, destroys illusion and makes the piece so unreal as this. It at once distinguishes the playwright from the great dramatist. An actress would have to show herself equal to the part of Lady Macbeth—the *Medea* of M. Legouvé strives to do justice to the powers of the actress.

At the beginning of each of the three acts, subordinate characters are introduced, who have the stage all to themselves, and indulge in long, pompous harangues. The object is to make us long for the entrance of *Medea*; and the device succeeds, for when *Medea* is away, we long to go to sleep. Orpheus is the great sinner—he seems intended to fill the vacant place of chorus, but as he is not accompanied by music or dancing, he is not equal in interest to his Greek prototype. His mission is to make long speeches about the arts of civilization and the power of music, and to reproach Jason. After he has had his swing through two long, heavy scenes, *Creusa* comes, attended by her maidens, to lay offerings at the feet of *Diana*. While she is thus engaged, the audience are at last rewarded by seeing *Medea* coming down a rocky path, leading her two children. Nothing can be more majestic, simple, and touching than the appearance of Madame Ristori as she slowly descends the cliffs on to the stage. *Creusa* receives the strangers with a friendly welcome, and she and *Medea* are gradually led to exchange confidence, and each avows that she is the victim of love. *Medea* proceeds to describe the sensations she experienced when stealing from her paternal home; and this gives Madame Ristori an opportunity of exhibiting a very pretty piece of emotion, as she recalls the manner in which she had placed a lock of hair by the side of her mother's bed. She then speaks of her children, and laments that she is not a Greek. We feel the added desolation which this produces in her heart, as Madame Ristori, after a moment's pause, says, in a faltering voice, *una barbara io sono*. She confesses that the pangs of jealousy torment her, and that she is haunted by the fear lest, when she finds her husband, she should discover his affections lost to her. *Creusa* asks her what in that case she would do; and she answers that she would do what the leopard does who bears his victim to his cave, and tears it limb from limb. This gives occasion for one of the finest pieces of Madame Ristori's acting. She imitates the action of the

animal with that kind of general imitation which a poetical figure makes congenial to an excited mind. She affects the proud triumphant look of the splendid brute, and seems to draw the victim on, and to divide its bleeding body; but she does this, not as a person would who wished to represent a leopard, but as a person would to whose mind the picture of a leopard was vividly present; and it is the preservation of this distinction which separates the acting of a refined artist from that of a powerful mimic. Orpheus comes in, and being known to Medea of old, gives rise by his salutation to a terrible explanation. Medea inveighs against the vile Jason; and Creusa replies that on the morrow Jason is to be her husband. *Ei sposo tuo! Vedremo*, answers Medea, and her response gives us the pleasure of admiring the superb toss of the head with which Madame Ristori receives the announcement, and mocks at the opposition of a puny girl.

In the second act, after we have got over the preparatory heavy work, Jason and Medea meet. Jason proposes to her to separate for ever, and promises that her children shall be taken care of. Medea ironically compliments him on the ingenuity of his plan, and asks what, if she consents, is to become of her. Jason tells her that she may go to some distant home; and then comes an indignant speech from Medea, which is well conceived on the part of the author, and is given by Madame Ristori with singular force and effect. Medea tells Jason that they have sinned together too deeply to part, that they are accomplices rather than consorts, and above all, she reminds him of their joint murder of her brother. She recalls the scene—how the dying man, collecting in his hand the blood oozing from his wound, flung it in their faces with a curse. Here, again, Madame Ristori imitates the gesture of the murdered man with great nicety of discrimination, not exactly copying his action, for that would be revolting, but making motions with her hands that are something like those of which she speaks. We may remark that nothing can be more graceful and effective than Madame Ristori's play of the arms and hands. It is a study of itself, and shows how perfect every little thing must and may be in a truly great performer. Medea is left alone with her children, whom she first repels, from the likeness to Jason which she sees in them, and then fondles, in a burst of maternal tenderness. Abandoning the thought of hurting her children to avenge herself on Jason, she is suddenly struck by the recollection that she can wound him sufficiently through Creusa. A gleam of fierce joy shoots through the great actress's eyes as she utters the name of Creusa, and her rendering of the passage that follows is full of life and power. Medea plans her revenge, and decides on the dagger as her instrument. She paints the act in which she is to triumph, imagines Creusa asleep, and herself gliding into the room and plunging the dagger into the bosom of her rival, who would wake to see Medea hanging over her, and call by her shrieks of despair the whole household to attest Medea's triumph. If Madame Ristori can make as much as she does of this, what would she not do if she played Lady Macbeth—a part exactly suited to her? Creusa suddenly enters to save Medea from the populace, excited by Jason against her, and Medea is touched by her devotion; but on asking her to give up Jason, and being refused, is again hardened. The crowd appears, and Medea's death seems imminent, when Orpheus appeases their wrath, and Medea obtains a respite long enough for her to work out her schemes. The curtain falls as she exclaims, *Io trovata ho mia vendetta*. Madame Ristori, as she says this, seems to become inspired with the intensity of feeling; her figure dilates, her eyes glow, and she bears herself as if her enemies were at her feet. The feelings of the wife and the mother are gone—gratitude and remorse are equally at an end—and she exults in the might of her savage will.

There is not much in the third act—the chief point worthy of remark being the conflict of feelings produced in the breast of Medea by her husband offering to permit her to take with her into exile one of her children. The mother, unable to decide herself, invites her children to decide, and calls the one to come who most wishes to stay with her. But they both hang back, terrified at their mother, and soothed and fascinated by the kindness of Creusa. Madame Ristori embodies, with the most consummate art, all the mournful tenderness and trembling despair with which the mother perceives this unlooked-for desertion. When she turns to Creusa, and says *Miei non più, son tuoi figli*, she speaks with the softness of a person who, having drunk the last drop of the cup of bitterness, has no longer the heart to be violent. The *dénouement* is very poorly managed by the author. The crowd rush in, and threaten Medea with death. She, with her children, to whom she has become suddenly reconciled, is hemmed in as she flies for refuge to the statue of Saturn. Behind the screen made by the mob, Medea murders her children, and Jason enters to see through the dividing group the bodies of his sons. He asks, "Who has killed them?" and Medea answers, "Thou." The whole scene is evidently contrived to bring in this "Thou," and is throughout very poor; but Madame Ristori does all by voice, attitude, and look that can be done for it. And bad as the play generally is, it must be admitted that it gives considerable opportunity for the exhibition of Madame Ristori's extraordinary powers. We feel that in her own line, that of united pathos and dignity, there is only one thing that could surpass Madame Ristori's Medea—namely, Madame Ristori in a play worthy of her.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE opinion which we expressed last week with regard to Madame Albertini's qualifications as an actress and vocalist was only partially confirmed by her performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, on Monday last. The exaggerated gesticulation which somewhat marred her impersonation of Leonora in the *Trovatore* was carried to a greater extent in her representation of the heroine of Donizetti's opera, and threw something like an air of burlesque over one or two of the more striking points of the action. This fault is doubtless, in some measure, owing to the school in which Madame Albertini has been educated; for the Italians of the present day can scarcely understand that displays of passion, intensity, and daring may be carried too far on the stage. It is not, therefore, surprising that she should have been so often quoted in Italy as an example of all that is excellent both as an actress and a singer; but in England we have adopted a different and a higher standard, and unless Madame Albertini is willing to lay aside her violent gestures, her quick jerking movements, and her melodramatic effects, we can scarcely hope that she will permanently occupy, amongst her more sober countrymen, that place which she holds in a foreign land, and which it is quite within her power to command in England. We must not, however, forget that such an opera as that of *Lucrezia Borgia* was sure to bring out in strong relief the errors and misconceptions to which this accomplished and gifted *artiste* is occasionally prone. The impersonation of the character of *Lucrezia* is one of the severest tests which can be applied to an actress. There is something so colossal and so remote from the range of human sympathies in the crimes the *Borgia* has committed, that an actress has to achieve the arduous task of forcing her audience to view the most atrocious wickedness with a sensation more akin to awe than to disgust, to terror than to hatred. When we take this into consideration, we can readily believe that, if Madame Albertini has not met all the demands made upon her in a character the representation of which is attended with so many difficulties, she may yet be eminently successful in operas that do not tax her powers so heavily.

As regards her singing, we have little to add to the remarks we made last week—unless it be that she is far more successful in her *pianissimo* passages than in the *forte* long-drawn notes in which she seems to take delight. Some of the parts in which she had to express tenderness of feeling were given with great delicacy and truth of expression; and so likewise were those in which the heroine recurs to her past life, and is filled with remorse at the recollection of her crimes. In most of her songs she takes the *staccato* notes a little too literally, but in *legato* passages she is admirable, while her bravuras, though remarkable for daring, are equally so for precision and ease.

To Signor Baucarde's singing we listened with much pleasure, but his acting did not quite come up to our ideal of the character of Gennaro. In the air which he introduced into the third act he was encored, and very hearty was the applause bestowed upon the melancholy tender expression which he gave to the melody. The well-known trio in the first act was executed in a manner which abundantly deserved its share in the honours of the encores awarded by the audience to their favourite *arias*.

Signor Belletti proved an efficient Alfonso, and was much applauded in the *aria* "Qualunque sia l'evento." The choruses were, generally speaking, satisfactory, though every now and then they seemed not very sure of the time or tune, to which Signor Bonetti did his best to keep them.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

SANGUINE as may have been the expectations of the Directors of the Crystal Palace as to the result of their recent experiment, they can scarcely have anticipated that the large space they had set apart for a concert-room would soon prove insufficient for the accommodation of their audience. But so it was on the occasion of their fourth concert, yesterday week. Long before the hour at which the performance was to commence, every bench was occupied, and the crowds who arrived by later trains were obliged to content themselves with seats in the adjacent Courts, out of sight, but not out of sound, of the orchestra. Of course, the regulation which now permits the public to attend single performances, in some measure accounts for this; but the increased attendance was also owing in a great degree to the presence of a larger proportion of season-ticket holders, for whose especial benefit these concerts were primarily intended. Some amount of discontent appears to have been felt by the latter class, in consequence of their peculiar privileges having been, as they imagine, trenching upon by the issue of single tickets. Perhaps, however, when they remember the very cheap rate at which their season tickets enable them to attend these concerts, and consider that they get for one shilling and ninepence an entertainment of which the public cannot avail themselves for less than four times that amount, they will be satisfied with the advantages which they still possess. It is true that they may find more difficulty in obtaining good seats than was the case at first; yet even then, those who arrived late were necessitated to betake themselves to the farthest end of the concert-room, where they were less favourably placed for hearing than when, as now, they take refuge in some of the lateral Courts.

The programme of the fourth concert, composed, as usual, of pieces familiar to all, was as effective as any of the former ones. It commenced with Beethoven's overture to *Leonora*, and the manner in which the orchestra acquitted itself in this performance made us half regret that a larger proportion of instrumental music could not be introduced into the entertainment. Nowhere can an orchestra be heard to better advantage than within the walls of the Crystal Palace; and with such a conductor as Mr. Costa, the performers, perfectly trained as they already are, can scarcely fail to do the fullest justice to the music, both with regard to time and to feeling. The unity of expression which is the great desideratum in instrumental performances was especially and delightfully observable in the overture to *Zampa*, with which the second part of the concert commenced. Great as is the variety which characterises this overture, and sudden as are the transitions from grave to gay with which it abounds, they were all equally well understood and effectively rendered by the orchestra—a circumstance of which the audience showed their appreciation by the plaudits they bestowed upon the performance. After Graziani had sung a graceful little aria from *Don Pasquale*, we heard Gardoni and Ronconi in "I Marinari," than which Rossini never composed a more beautiful and spirited duet. Madame Didice followed with the well-known and always delightful aria "Voi che sapete," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and beguiled her audience into an encore. Then came the pretty madrigal, "Maidens, never go a wooing," also encored; after which Madame Grisi and Madame Marai enchanted us with the delicacy and feeling with which they sang Mozart's lovely air "Sul' aria." Mdlle. Ney has rarely been heard to greater advantage than in the famous song "Robert, toi que j'aime," which she gave in German, and in which her splendid soprano voice showed to perfection its compass, richness, and quality. A chorus from *Ernani*, executed by Mesdames Bosio and Didice, Signors Gardoni, Soldi, Graziani, and Zelger, concluded the first part.

In the second part, Madame Bosio was deservedly encored in the valse, "Ah che assorta." She sang it exquisitely, and delighted her audience, not only by the clear, birdlike way in which she gave out shakes, trills, and roulades, but by the archness and delicacy of her expression. Ronconi rather disappointed us in his rendering of the air "Miei rampolli femminini," from the *Cenerentola*—probably on account of the compass of his voice not being equal to the vastness of the space it was intended to fill. The lovely terzetto, "Soave sia il vento," from Mozart, was next in the list, and was beautifully sung by Mdlle. Ney, Madame Didice, and Herr Formes. It was followed by the touching air, from *Masaniello*, "Du pauvre ami fidèle," feelingly sung by Gardoni; and then Herr Formes gave the fine old song, "Oh, ruddier than the cherry." A chorus from Rossini, in which Madame Grisi, Madame Bosio, Signor Gardoni, &c., took part, concluded an entertainment which was fully as delightful as any of its predecessors.

PARKS AND GALLERIES.

THE two Houses of Parliament have again been busy with Metropolitan Improvements—the Lords in the character of listeners to the sensible, and, in the main, correct observations which recently fell from Lord Ravensworth—the Commons in the negative character of objectors to a vote of more than 24,000*l.*, intended to effect the removal of the German Chapel, and the opening of a communication to St. James's Park, in accordance with the recommendation of Sir Benjamin Hall's Committee. The *Times* has attempted to stamp the latter proceeding with the appearance of being a retrograde, stingy, and reprehensible act. To us it wears an eminently different aspect. It is, in fact, precisely the step which we ourselves strongly urged several weeks back, and which the Lower House has adopted upon apparently the same grounds which led us to make the recommendation. We then said that, with the very large and important improvements which were in contemplation around St. James's Park, it would be ridiculous to throw away money in what must, after all, be no more than an expensive makeshift. We suggested the adoption, in the interim, of the simple and cheap expedient of merely unlocking the gates by St. James's Palace and at the Horse Guards, and leaving the permanent question to be hereafter dealt with largely and completely.

The authorities, however, chose to push on their scheme; and the result was, as every one knows, a division which proved to them to be a most signal and unnecessary defeat; while, to the world at large, the event presented itself in the more consolatory aspect of a prudential proceeding, and a consequent earnest of better times for metropolitan improvement. Lord Ravensworth hit the nail on the head when he alluded to the possibility of the Palace giving way to a continuation of St. James's-street. All the buildings which can be really wanted under the Palatial title are, at the most, some Royal apartments—more probably only the Chapel Royal, not only as an object of state, but to serve as an additional church for an ill-churched district. The new Chapel Royal, and such other buildings as may be required, might be rebuilt on the west side of the prolonged street, between it and Clarence House, with that due degree of architectural grandeur which will, we are sure, not be grudged for such an object in days when a plan to spend we do not recollect how many thousands to re-

construct St. Margaret's, has been seriously contemplated. Then who can tell whether it may not be discovered that the construction of more main arteries, bordered by lofty houses, yielding a rental commensurate to their accommodation, would, in spite of the recent Victoria-street failure, be an investment as profitable, if prudently conducted, as it is architecturally desirable? If so, we predict that one of the first of London's Rues de Rivoli will be a northward extension of St. James's-street. A natural sequel will then be a stately cart and coach line crossing it at right angles, and running from Hyde Park to St. Paul's, the possibility of which was pointed out thirty years since by Sir F. Trench.

But we are wandering from the London of the present to that of the future, while another controversy has contemporaneously cropped out to complete the great Park difficulty, and which indeed preceded the great St. James's vote under the judicious auspices of Mr. Spooner. Where is the National Gallery to go? Our readers will not have forgotten that the surplus of the Great Exhibition funds went, together with a large Parliamentary grant, to purchase estates of garden and shrubbery ground which had happily existed intact up to our own days between Hyde Park and the Brompton Road. The first use which is being made of this land is to run up, for the use of the Art Museum of Marlborough House, an iron and glass shed, which rivals in ugliness even the adjacent Chapel of the Oratorians. But on this estate it has been for some time proposed to erect the new National Gallery, and the Bill to authorize this work is actually before Parliament. Of course the announcement has proved the signal for reviving every kind of competing claim and suggestion, among which the most conspicuous has been the proposal to demolish Kensington Palace, and erect the Gallery upon that site. For our own part, we do not feel it a duty to fall down and worship this scheme. The foremost feeling with us is that of vexation that the National Gallery should have to be removed at all, instead of being reconstructed on a princely scale upon its actual site, where it might be made so conducive to the architectural *tout ensemble* of the capital, as well as so convenient to the million. To this, however, the insuperable obstacle exists of the condition of the pictures themselves. To keep them where they are would be *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. Our last doubts upon the subject have been removed by the opinion strongly expressed to us by Dr. Waagen, who is in England, and who is deeply interested in the whole question.

The one thing indispensable is, that the new building should stand with a sufficient area of unenclosed ground round it to keep it free from excessive smoke. This result would be attained at Kensington Gore. It would also be attained at Kensington Palace. In this respect, we assume that the two localities would be upon an equality. On the score of expense, the Palace plan, involving a large demolition, would be the more costly, and so the less desirable, unless a strong compensating preponderance of advantage can be shown. This is sought on the score of site. The Gore estate, we are told, stands low—the Palace is elevated, and on its eastern or London face, terminates a noble vista, running right through the gardens until it loses itself in the open area of Hyde Park. These assertions, as far as they go, are perfectly correct; but they omit one important consideration—that the vista just alluded to is a vista, and nothing more. No road, or even walk, leads along it. On the contrary, the main alleys of Kensington Gardens cut it at right angles, while, to increase the difficulty of trajet, two pieces of water—the Basin and the Serpentine—are likewise interposed. This may or may not be all very well for a Palace; but when the question is about a picture gallery, the objection is very serious. A National Gallery must, *vi termini*, be in the direct highway of the nation—not the nation of barouches and broughams, but the larger one whose choice lies between the omnibus, the cab, and their own feet. If the building which has to house the pictures of the nation has the advantage of standing at the end of a vista, it is but mocking the needs of the many not to make the vista viable. We have not space to follow out this consideration—we merely drop these remarks for the attention of those who advocate the site of Kensington Palace. That may or may not be the best plan, but its adoption is the first step towards cutting a public road through Kensington Gardens. This, again, may be a desirable thing; but we are not yet prepared to say that it is. Without its being done, the site of the Palace, accessible to the populace only by the crowded and devious ways of Knightsbridge and Bayswater, will be inevitably voted out of the way and in a corner. In this respect then we believe that the Gore will be found much more convenient, popular, and accessible, while of course the lowness of its site is, on the other hand, an objection in an ornamental aspect.

We have already indicated that building the Gallery where Kensington Palace stands would be more costly than availing ourselves of the locale which the Bill before Parliament contemplates. If, however, it is to be the favourite candidate, we must beforehand enter our strong protest against the temptation to make up this difference by selling the Gore estate. Such an expedient would be the very worst course of all, and yet the *Times* has not hesitated to throw a feeler out in favour of it. London is dying of asphyxia—panting more and more for fresh air as it spreads further and further from the centre; and any open space which can be purchased—still more one which has

been purchased—must be sacredly preserved as park or garden for the common weal. Primrose Hill has long since been saved. The Gore Estate is at present safe, and it would be a crime to let it again slip into the builder's hands. Hampstead Heath, we must parenthetically note, is crying out for similar protection.

On the whole, then, we do not see our way to being thoroughly satisfied either with the Gore or the Palace site; and certainly we could not advise the former, which is secured, being thrown over in favour of the latter—it being all along understood that, in either case, all the Gore ground not needed for gallery or museum purposes should be public garden. We dismiss a scheme for planting the gallery at the west end of Rotten Row. This is a compromise likely to please no party, and to have no practical result except exhibiting, on a more than usual scale of grandeur, the spectacle of pias in the corner.

In all the discussions which have arisen, we are surprised at the silent indifference which has been shown to the claims of the Regent's Park. That Park combines the advantages which respectively belong to Kensington Palace and to the Gore, without the disadvantages of either. It stands high—it is easily accessible—and it is immediately adjacent to an artistic quarter, such as Albany-street and several other streets are rapidly becoming, and would become still more completely on the Gallery being erected in that vicinity. Moreover, the New Road, with its countless omnibuses, has already brought almost to the doors of every building which may be placed there, the means of cheap conveyance, both from east and west, which an art gallery demands. The best of all positions in the Regent's Park is the circular space within the Inner Circle, now occupied by the Botanical Garden. There would, we should think, be but little difficulty in shifting that Garden—giving, for example, in compensation, a portion of the Gore estate, which would thus be kept as breathing ground. Then, upon the spot so acquired, a noble experiment might be made of the construction of a spacious gallery radiating from a central hall of imperial grandeur. But if that garden, with its conservatory and its gay promenades, is to be an immovable institution, then let some plot in the Park, as near the centre as possible, and yet as accessible as can be found—and therefore, of course, adjacent to the Inner Circle road—be allotted to the National Gallery. Once let the notion be freely canvassed, we are convinced that thinking men will all perceive the great superiority of this above all other sites. As to its being remote, we need only allude to one circumstance—that the Zoological Gardens, with their thousands upon thousands of visitors, stand in the same park, and the two attractions, being brought together, would doubtless fill each with delighted crowds.

In conclusion, to return to our constant refrain, all the troubles, the clash of notions, the vacillations which have characterized the present, as all former Public Works' controversies, arise in no small measure from the wretched political system of makeshifts which has characterised our whole architectural history. One special commission is appointed for this, another for that (we expect every day to hear of a fresh one to settle the great cockroach question raised, not solved, in yesterday's *Daily News*); while the one Commissioner of Public Works stands by with manacled hands, and imperfect field of duty—and helplessly watches our Treasury magnates and our Board of Trade, trespassing on questions of taste and architectural inquiries. Let there be broadly and honestly created a Ministry of Public Works, with a sufficient office, defined powers, and no pet surveyor-architect prowling about the premises. Institute this, and the leading men of the day will work for the public, and the good results will not be long in showing themselves.

THE LILLE CATHEDRAL JOB.

IT is not many weeks since we announced the result, so honourable to our national art, of the competition for the new Cathedral of Lille, which resulted in the adjudication of the first and second prizes to English competitors. We took occasion to speak in terms of what appeared deserved praise of the impartiality of the Commission presiding over the work, for having so frankly thrown open the contest to the entire world, and for having so cheerfully accepted an award of the examining jury which could not have been agreeable to French artistic susceptibilities.

We have now, we regret to say, to record another act in the drama. Our readers will learn, with surprise and indignation, that the successful architects, Mr. Clutton and Mr. Burges, have received a communication from the Commissioners, informing them, with some cold and meaningless civil phrases, that the difficulties, and so forth, of the case have led them to the determination not to employ any foreign architect, but that some other combination has been resolved upon, which, it is trusted, will prove satisfactory. We can hardly trust ourselves to say all that we think upon this insult to art, and to the feelings of other nations. The competition was thrown open by France to the world—the world went in and won—and now we are told that the invitation on the faith of which foreign competitors sacrificed brains, time, and money, was only a pretentious sham for

the glorification of France. It was quite open to France to have made the affair merely national. Even so, there would have been a large choice of designs. But France spontaneously, and with her eyes open, chose to seek the services of other nations. The feast was prepared—the guests were invited—they accepted the summons—and they are now told to stand round, and admire in hungry isolation the delectable spectacle of their hosts gobbling up the banquet. We value as it deserves the hardly plausible cant about the difficulties in the way. Of course there must be difficulties in the way of carrying out any building of the dimensions of a cathedral. No such structure ever was, or ever will be, completed in literal conformity to the first sketch. But common sense proclaims that the men who can best understand and face such difficulties will be those who have approved their capacity in showing themselves the ablest and most expert in their first conceptions.

To be sure, the Commission had provided a legal loophole in the wording of its programme, which reserved to it the right of not giving the contract to the first prizeman. We say nothing, of course, of the laws of honour and courtesy which ought to have precluded the use of this escape-valve as against a successful foreigner—we merely look at the matter legally. But as the case stands, the Commission had shut even this postern-door upon itself; for it had received the prizemen at Lille, it had held communications with them as the architects to be employed, it had tendered its suggestions, and received their consequent reports, and now it throws them over. We do not pause to show how this proceeding damages the credit of France in the world of art. It may be merely the act of a few timid men in a country town, but Paris will assuredly, and justly, feel the effects; for it is not only England that suffers, but all the other countries of Europe, who threw their lots into the venture upon the anticipation of fair play.

What the precise nature of the contemplated job may be, we cannot yet say. Judging from the words of the Commission, we should anticipate an order being given to some local or exceptional hand to make a hodge-podge, to the glory of France, of the three successful designs—one-third Gallic, two-thirds English—which, by the terms of the competition, *italicised* in the programme, remain the property of the Commission. But we have no difficulty in discovering—and no hesitation in proclaiming—a main agent in the discreditable proceeding. The third prize was won by a French architect, M. Lassus, who, from the singular indifference of M. Viollet le Duc to work, secures the majority of practical orders for ecclesiastical architecture across the Channel. M. Lassus, it is no secret, had made sure of coming out victorious in the Lille contest, which, he assumed, was forejudged in his interests; and it is equally certain that he was grievously annoyed when he found that the Lille competition was taken *au sérieux* by the adjudicators, and that their matter-of-fact obtuseness left him third on the list. Now, M. Lassus is a person of some influence at Paris in ecclesiastical and other quarters. He has had the conduct of the restoration of the Ste. Chapelle—he is one of the architects of Notre Dame—and, as such, has borne his share in the gigantic preparation of that structure for the Imperial baptism of this day. In another direction, too, it is notorious that the local promoters of the new cathedral look for assistance to a very exalted quarter, which has mainly contributed to rebuild the cathedral at Marseilles, and to finish that of Moulins—a work, by the way, entrusted to M. Lassus. It is, of course, equally obvious that, when great people spend large sums, popularity is the return often sought for, not the genuine interests merely of art and merit. We simply state facts—the only inference we care to draw is, that foreign nations were invited to an international competition, with the most profuse promises of fair play, only to be cajoled, and then discarded.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

TWO important Meetings of this Society were held last week. One was specially convened to take into consideration a proposal by Her Majesty's Government to place Burlington House at the disposal of the Society; and the other was the meeting for the annual election of Fellows.

The want of accommodation in Somerset House has long been felt by the Royal Society. In 1852, a representation to this effect was made to the Government by Lord Rosse, the President at that period; but no response was given beyond the intimation of a desire having been expressed on the part of the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 to provide for the requirements of the Society on their estate at Kensington. This locality was, however, judged by the majority of the Fellows to be not sufficiently central, and accordingly no steps were taken by the Council to move the Society to Kensington.

The purchase, by Government, of Burlington House, presented a very favourable opportunity for meeting the wants of the Society; and after various conferences, the main portion of that building was offered to them by Government, in the following letter addressed by the Secretary of the Treasury to Lord Wrottesley, President of the Society:—

Treasury Chambers, 22nd May, 1856.

MY LORD,—I am directed by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury to acquaint your Lordship, with reference to the views set forth in your Letter to the Duke of Argyll of the 30th ult., which has been laid before

this Board, that Her Majesty's Government are not at present in a position to enable them to state any definite views with respect to the project for the juxtaposition of the principal Scientific Societies in a building to be erected in a convenient and central locality.

I have to state that their Lordships are, however, prepared so far to concede to the views advanced by your Lordship on behalf of a large number of persons connected with science, as to allow the temporary location of the Linnean and Chemical Societies, in conjunction with the Royal Society, in the present building of Burlington House, on the following conditions—viz.,

1. That the removal of the Royal Society from Somerset House shall not prejudice the position of the other Societies located in that building, in regard to the terms on which they are permitted to occupy their present apartments.

2. That the Royal Society shall be put in possession of the main building of Burlington House, on the understanding that they will, in communication with the Linnean and Chemical Societies, assign suitable accommodation therein for those bodies.

3. A common Library to be formed for the use of the three Societies, on the understanding that suitable arrangements shall be made for the admission thereto, for purposes of reference and study, of men of letters and science, on orders given by Fellows of the three Societies.*

4. The Societies to be allowed the use of the Hall which it is proposed to construct in the West Wing of Burlington House, at such times as it may not be required by the Senate of the University of London, it being distinctly understood that this permission is to be so exercised as not in any way to interfere with the convenience of the University.

5. The Collection of Portraits belonging to the Royal Society to be hung on the walls of the proposed Hall, and to be open to the inspection of the public under such regulations as may be convenient, and subject especially to the proviso in the preceding clause.

6. That the adoption of this temporary arrangement shall not in any respect be held to weaken the claim of the Royal Society to permanent accommodation.

I have the honour, &c.,
(Signed) JAMES WILSON.

To the President of the Royal Society.

The principle of the juxtaposition of the chartered scientific societies of London has long been advocated by a large party of scientific men; and it is hoped that, although the Government are not now prepared to meet the wishes of the Council of the Royal Society in this respect, the proposal to place Burlington House at their disposal, on the conditions set forth in the foregoing letter, may be considered as evincing a desire to advance the cause of science. At all events, the Fellows of the Royal Society, who mustered very numerously at the meeting summoned to consider the offer made to them by Government, were evidently of opinion that a removal to Burlington House would be attended with considerable advantage, both on account of the increased accommodation that it will afford, and the superiority of the locality over that of Somerset House; for the following resolution, which was proposed by Sir Benjamin Brodie, and seconded by Mr. Thomas Bell, was carried with only two dissentients:—

"That the Council be authorized to accept and carry out the proposal of the Government as to the occupation of Burlington House, on the understanding that the hall, which it is proposed to construct in the west wing, and which is to contain the portraits belonging to the Royal Society, shall be placed in the custody of the Royal Society, subject to the free use of it by the Senate of the University of London at all times at which it may be required for their examinations and public meetings."

At the meeting for the election of Fellows, the President pre-faced the business by giving a brief account of the principal scientific subjects which have occupied the attention of the Council during the past half year. Among the most important of these is the consideration of marine meteorology, and the best means of making, recording, and digesting meteorological observations.

At the recommendation of the Council of the Society, a department has been established by Government for the purpose of advancing the science of marine meteorology; and in accordance with the wishes of Government, the Council have appointed a committee to assist and advise the department in their labours. Government has also requested the Council to furnish the Admiralty with any suggestions that they may think proper to make with reference to an astronomical scientific expedition to Teneriffe, which is to be placed under the direction of Professor Piazz Smyth, of Edinburgh. This has been responded to by a valuable report from Professor Stokes, in which various suggestions are offered for making the expedition in question useful to physical as well as to astronomical science.

At the conclusion of the President's address, the election of Fellows was proceeded with, and it was announced that, out of forty candidates, the following gentlemen were elected:—Dr. Balfour; E. W. Binney, Esq.; Sir John Bowring; Sir John Burgoyne; P. H. Gosse, Esq.; R. Harkness, Esq.; C. H. Hawkins, Esq.; M. J. Johnson, Esq.; J. C. Moore, Esq.; H. M. Noad, Esq.; E. Potter, Esq.; Rev. Dr. Robinson; Dr. Henry Salter; Archibald Smith, Esq.; and Captain Thomas Spratt, R.N.

* The President stated to the meeting that he had intimated to the Secretary of the Treasury that, in his opinion, the Council would understand the third condition in the foregoing letter as implying the mutual access to the three libraries by the Fellows of the three Societies for the purposes of reference and study, but not as altering in any respect the ownership or custody of the several libraries; and that in future, as heretofore, the loan of the books of any of the three libraries should be confined to the Fellows of that Society to which they belong.

REVIEWS.

DR. CUMMING.*

ONE of the articles in the last number of the *Quarterly Review* concludes with the expression of the writer's satisfaction at the popularity of what, in a singularly narrow and arbitrary sense of the word, is called religious literature. "It shows," says the Reviewer, "that faith is still alive, and that the heart of the nation is still sound." To our apprehension, the fact in question shows no such thing. What is wanted is not that theology should be popular, but that good theology should be popular; for as nothing was intended for nobler uses, nothing can be degraded to viler uses. To us, no sign of the times is more portentous than the influence and the popularity of men like Dr. Cumming; for it shows, not that people care for theology, but that, now as ever, they love to pervert it into an instrument for the excitement and gratification of some of the meanest appetites of human nature—the grovelling superstition which finds its natural aliment in omens drawn from the howling of a dog or the spilling of a saltcellar, and the craving for excitement which leads many who consider theatres wicked, and novels "dangerous," to work up all history into a romance more false and more extravagant than any that issue from the pen of Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds.

Dr. Cumming preaches as weekly novelists write. He collects a set of piquant stories from the newspapers, or from histories of the French Revolution—strings them together with a few morsels of pseudo-history and crude speculation stolen from more learned, if not wiser, writers than himself—ornaments them with wretched scraps of what is meant for eloquence—and works up the whole into a sort of romance of prophecy, in which the holiest personages are the actors, the most awful facts the scenery, and the hour of death and the day of judgment the catastrophe. To those who from their souls reverence the awful truths which are thus coarsely brought forward to tickle the curiosity and to warm the imaginations of great crowds of people, there is something ominous in the ignorance, the dishonesty, and the flattery of a writer who has obtained such extraordinary popularity. We do not use these words at random—we will prove the perfect propriety of every one of them.

First, then, we charge Dr. Cumming with gross ignorance. His object is to insinuate—for he does not go so far as explicitly to assert—that the end of the world is to take place in 1865, and this he does on the strength of certain passages in the Greek Testament, and their connexion with various historical events. We will show that he makes the grossest blunders, both in his Greek and in his history. At p. 130 of *The End*, we read—"Unpolite literally means living out of the city." Unpolite means unpolished; and in early English writers, as Mr. Trench tells us, "polite" is applied to looking-glasses and other polished bodies. At p. 184, we learn, in a commentary on the verse, "This generation (*γενεα*) shall not pass away till all these things be fulfilled," that "a generation, in the sense of an existing people of thirty years, was not known to the ancients." If Dr. Cumming will look at the 250th line of the 1st book of the *Iliad*, he will read—if he can—

τῷ δ' ἦδη δύο μὲν γενεαὶ μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
ἰφθίμῃ.

And in the second book and 142nd chapter of Herodotus, *γενεαὶ γὰρ τρεῖς ἀνδρῶν ἱκανὸν ἐστὶν εἶναι*—"Three generations of men are a hundred years." At page 127, we find an attempt to identify Sebastopol with Armageddon, in which we read the following:—"Sebastopol, the august city. If its ancient spelling was, as I believe, Sebastenopol, my derivation seems most probably the correct one." This is a happy combination of historical and classical absurdity. Dr. Cumming argues against the opinion that Sebastopol means the "City of Augustus," obviously in total ignorance of the fact that it was founded within the last century, and that its name was in express allusion to the Russian plan of establishing a new Greek empire; and he obviously supposes either that there is a Greek word *σεβαστίος-α-πολ*, or that the feminine of *σεβαστός* is *σεβάστεια*. A blunder of a similar kind occurs at p. 145:—"The children of Sarah, I may observe, are properly called Saracens;" and shortly after occur some quotations from Gibbon. If Dr. Cumming had extended his researches in that author a little further, he would have found the following note:—"The name (Saracen) has been derived ridiculously from Sarah, obscurely from Saraka, more plausibly from Arabic words which signify a thievish character or oriental situation." On this, as Dean Milman informs us, Dr. Clarke remarks that the derivation is "Zara, Zaara, Sara, the desert, whence *Saracenic*—children of the desert, not of the wife of Abraham." Dr. Cumming is particularly unfortunate in all that he says about the Saracens. One of his great points is the drying-up of the Euphrates, which he interprets to mean the decline of the Turkish power. Upon this theory he observes, "nothing is more usual than to call a people by the name of the river on whose banks their chief capital is built. The Saracens, after their first irruption ceased,

* *The End; or Proximate Signs of the Close of this Dispensation.* By the Rev. John Cumming. London: J. T. Shaw. 1855. *Apocalyptic Sketches.*

settled finally in Bagdad on the Euphrates." And in order to leave no doubt on his reader's mind, he goes on:—"These Saracens settled in Bagdad, on the banks of the Euphrates; and from that very spot—Bagdad on the Euphrates—the Turks," &c. It is a little unfortunate that Bagdad is *not* on the Euphrates, but on the eastern bank of the Tigris, some thirty miles off. Suppose, however, that Bagdad had been on the Euphrates, that fact would not have helped Dr. Cumming's theory, unless he could have shown that the people who were settled on the Euphrates were the same people who afterwards took Constantinople—that is, unless he could identify the Saracens with the Turks. In order to do this, he quotes Gibbon to show that Alp Arslan crossed the Euphrates at the head of "immense squadrons of Turkish horse," and "that myriads of Turkish horsemen overspread the Greek empire, and at last took Constantinople." That Alp Arslan crossed the Euphrates is very true; though, as he crossed many other rivers, and as his tribe came from the shores of the Caspian Sea, we do not think the fact is very material. But Dr. Cumming, with all his misrepresentations, is too ignorant to misrepresent enough for his purpose. He is obviously not aware that the Turks who followed Alp Arslan were quite different people from the Turks who took Constantinople. The first were Seljukians, and the second Ottomans, who, says Gibbon, "had formerly pitched their tents on the banks of the Oxus." Dr. Cumming's identification of the Turks with the Euphrates is much as if a man should attempt to identify Normandy with the river Trent and the Romans by the following sort of argument:—York on the Trent was the capital of one of the Roman provinces in Britain; the Danes crossed the Trent in the time of Alfred, and as they also conquered Normandy, a prophecy which applies to the Trent may be taken to refer to Normandy.

Another wonderful specimen of ignorance is Dr. Cumming's interpretation of the thirty-eighth chapter of Ezekiel. Amongst various tribes mentioned in that chapter, we read of "Gomer and his bands;" and Dr. Cumming interprets the prophecy to mean that Russia, allied to Germany, shall make war upon "Tarshish and his young lions"—that is, England—shall overthrow the liberties of Continental Europe, and shall be finally destroyed by miracle in Palestine. It strikes one as odd that a prophecy so minute as to foretell that England would make use of three lions as an armorial bearing, should omit all mention of France in an account of the late war; but we are not at present upon the subject of Dr. Cumming's honesty—we have only to speak of his ignorance. He has the extraordinary audacity to say that Crimea (Cimmeria) is derived from Gomer—that Germany is derived from Gomer—that the ancient name of the Welsh (Cymry) is derived from Gomer—and that "Cumberland, into which many of the Gomerian inhabitants of Wales spread (of course Dr. Cumming never heard of the kingdom of Strathclyd) literally means Gomerland." It is wonderful enough that any human being should ground the most insignificant conclusion upon such miserable random guessing as this; but Dr. Cumming not only uses this wretched nonsense as one of the premises of an argument of which the end of the world is the conclusion, but he also overlooks the fact, that if his supposition is correct, it overthrows his conclusion. If Gomer and his bands represent all people of German or Celtic descent, they clearly include England; so that, when Dr. Cumming patriotically says, "Throughout the whole, it is to me so delightful that Tarshish stands aloof from the confederacy," he forgets that if we have to enter it as Gomerians, it will do us very little good to be out of it as British lions. It is an amusing illustration of the elastic character of this theory, that whilst neither Dr. Cumming nor Mr. Chamberlain—from whom, as he says, he has appropriated it—has observed this obvious consequence, Mr. Chamberlain thinks that France must be included in the bands of Gomer, apparently because, but for that expedient, it would be left out of the prophecy altogether; whilst Dr. Cumming hesitates, because France has not taken the Emperor of Russia's side. It does not occur to either of the prophets that, if France can neither be left out nor brought in without destroying the application of the prediction to the facts, there must be a hitch somewhere. They obviously think it quite the fault of the events that their interpretation has come wrong.

These are fair specimens of Dr. Cumming's learning. We proceed to justify our charge of dishonesty. Dr. Cumming is dishonest in argument—he is dishonest in contradicting himself to serve his temporary purposes—and lastly, he is guilty of dishonesty, *simplex munditiis*—that species of dishonesty which consists in publishing as his own what is written by other people. His dishonesty in argument takes all forms, from careless haste up to positive mis-statement and self-contradiction. The signs of the end of the world are, he says, to be partly earthquakes, partly the pouring out of the seventh vial in the air, and partly the fact that the seventh thousand years since the creation is soon to commence. It is impossible to believe that he uses any one of these arguments in good faith. At least, if he does, his understanding must really be more contemptible than that of an old woman who is frightened at a death-watch. First, as to the earthquakes. It appears that in December, 1854, there were two shocks felt at Nice, which threw down some chimneys; and there were also two at Turin, which made the inhabitants run out of their houses. Can we believe in the honesty of a man who grounds upon such trifles

as these—which are of almost daily occurrence in many parts of Southern Europe—the assertion that "Italy begins to heave with subterranean forces—Rome is doomed to disappear in a terrible convulsion?" Next follows a long extract from "Our Own Correspondent"—for whose style and truthfulness Dr. Cumming has a characteristic admiration—describing an earthquake at Broussa which destroyed the town and three hundred people; and this is eked out with a reference to two slight shocks—one at Perth, which did nothing at all, and one in New Zealand, which threw down a chimney and made the dogs bark. Some persons, says our seer, have remarked that earthquakes are common; but these were in divers places, and moreover, common or not, they were to be signs of the end.

From the dishonesty of folly we pass to the dishonesty of reckless mis-statement. The seventh vial was to be poured out on the air, and accordingly, says Dr. Cumming, the air is infected by a mysterious taint, whence come cholera, potato disease, &c. &c. Now, on other grounds, Dr. Cumming puts the pouring out of the seventh vial in 1848, and he points to the cholera of 1849 as a proof that the air was then tainted. He suppresses the fact that the cholera first appeared in 1832, and that it was then far more violent and destructive than in 1849. More mischievous pages than those which Dr. Cumming has written on this subject we have never read. He says that the cholera is a mysterious taint which falls upon all alike, that sanitary measures cannot altogether arrest it, that ordinary disease has become intractable, and that there is reason to think that the atmosphere has become corrupt, and that the constitution of man is radically weakened. These who know the extreme proneness of the poor to all sorts of superstitions upon these subjects, the difficulty with which they are roused to take precautions against epidemics, and their tendency to a helpless fatalism, cloaking itself under so-called religious phrases, will appreciate the injury likely to be done by filling their minds with such nonsense as this. God's great judgment of pestilence is trying enough to flesh and blood of itself; and we have no words to express our indignation against the man who makes, not the Bible, but his own crude, flimsy, and distorted perversions of it, the instrument of panics which but too often justify themselves.

Another instance of the same kind of trifling with truth for the purposes of argument, is to be found in Dr. Cumming's theories about the conversion of the Jews. His assertions upon this subject are perfectly bewildering in their absurdity and recklessness. The property of the Jew, says Dr. Cumming, is everywhere portable—"He is ready to move at a day's notice; his money is all in the shape of gold, silver, or property at least easily convertible." That Jews have, by persecution of various kinds, been for the most part driven into commercial pursuits, may be very true; but we imagine that Baron Rothschild would be very sorry to "move at a moment's notice," and would not find it very easy to do so if he wished it. "In the next place," we hear, "the Jews have begun at this moment to have a literature." We rather supposed that an eminent legislator called Moses, an eminent poet named David, and some prophets, perhaps not inferior to Dr. Cumming, had been Jews. We have certainly seen an excellent and cheap translation of their works extensively circulated, and we have also heard of such names as Spinoza, Mendelssohn, and others, who made some figure in the world; but we had certainly not heard of the remarkable fact to which Dr. Cumming alludes—"There is a newspaper called the *Hebrew Observer*, which I read." Certainly, after that, the world must be near its end. Another cheering fact is, that "there is a very able man, an American, a Mr. Noah—the name seems singular to us—who has collected a million of dollars for the purpose of rebuilding the temple in Jerusalem." The name is not so singular to us as to Dr. Cumming. A gentleman rejoicing in the name of M. M. Noah is commemorated, in a manner less creditable than remarkable, in the Memoirs of the estimable James Gordon Bennett, the editor of the *New York Herald*. After a long career of extortion by means of the publication of secrets which came to his knowledge, this "able man" assumed the insignia of one of the Hebrew monarchs, and ruined his paper by "proclaiming a *rendezvous* of the Israelitish race at Grand Island, near Buffalo." Whether there is any connexion between the two patriarchs, we cannot say; but we should feel a considerable disinclination, upon general principles, to trust any funds of ours to a speculative Yankee with a tendency to accumulate dollars for the purpose of instituting a Temple of Jerusalem Company. There is something exquisitely ludicrous in the notion of such stock-jobbing being made the subject of a prophecy.

The third reason alleged by Dr. Cumming for believing in the approaching end of the world is that the seventh thousand years since the creation may be expected to begin before long, which period was supposed by three Jewish rabbis to be set apart as a sabbath. How can we adequately describe the impudence of a man who passes his whole life in denouncing such of his fellow-Christians as attach any weight to tradition, and then calls upon them to believe a trumpery legend like this? We must not, however, suppose that Dr. Cumming confines himself to material signs of the approach of "the End." It is one of his principles that every prophecy is fulfilled both literally and metaphysically. His discretion upon this subject may be judged of by a single example:—"Under the

seventh seal there were to be 'voices, and thunders, and lightnings.' . . . I read a single sentence from the *Times* newspaper not long ago: 'The electric condition of the political atmosphere in Europe at this moment.' How singular that what the Apocalyptic seer calls thunder and lightnings in the air, the recorder of history should translate into 'the electric condition of the population of Europe.'

The dishonesty of arguments like these consists rather in the careless haste, in most important matters, of which they convict their author, than in distinct, definite untruth; but in one instance, at least, in *The End*, Dr. Cumming argues so disingenuously, and contradicts his former assertions so flatly, that we do not know how to give his conduct any milder name. About thirty pages of *The End* are devoted to proving that the power of the Roman Catholic Church has, since the year 1790, been declining throughout the world. This is made out by a great variety of very questionable facts indeed, taken, as usual, at second hand from Mr. Hobart Seymour—to whom, says Dr. Cumming, "I am very deeply indebted," which is his way of describing plagiarism. The nature of the argument is equally disingenuous and characteristic. The Roman Catholic countries, it is stated, have increased in population more slowly than the Protestant countries during the time in question—therefore the Roman Catholic religion is tending towards extinction. There were 5000 priests in Paris before the Revolution—there are now only 800—therefore the Roman Catholic religion is declining in Paris. My neighbour has made only 20,000*l.*, whilst I have, during the same time, made 50,000*l.*—therefore he is poorer than he was at first. His father had three footmen, and he has only one—therefore he is poorer than his father. Nor is Dr. Cumming's ignorance less striking than his impudence; for he actually asserted, on the eve of the Concordat, that in Austria the Church was a mere creature of the State, existing by its permission. Nothing can be more characteristic than the notion that one creed loses because another gains, or that the strength of a creed is to be measured by the number of its priests. But, disingenuous and discreditable as such an argument may be, it is doubly discreditable in Dr. Cumming, for in another of his books he has maintained exactly the reverse. In a remarkable chapter in the *Apocalyptic Sketches*—which informs us, amongst other things, that "Napoleon's celebrated codes" were promulgated from 1789 to 1793, *i. e.*, whilst Louis XVI. was king of France, and Napoleon a lieutenant, aged 22 or 23—Dr. Cumming maintains, that since 1790 the Roman Catholic power has been advancing. He says, "I believe the Roman Catholic Church is doomed to reach a prodigious but a very short ascendancy. I believe she will set her throne among the stars, that the stroke which precipitates her to hell may be only the more terrific and destructive." In *The End*, he argues, as we have seen, that Popery is declining in France—in the *Apocalyptic Sketches*, he quotes the *Times* to prove that "France is resuming its old position as the defender and patron of Romanism;" and he goes on to talk the most extraordinary nonsense about the three frogs. In *The End*, he argues that Popery is failing in America—in the *Apocalyptic Sketches*, he says "America is overrun with Popish priests. In that country, Puseyism and Popery are rampant—so much so, that I see in it the working of a spirit that is supernatural." In *The End*, he asserts that the conversions to Popery in England are of slight importance, and that Protestantism is in fact increasing—in the *Apocalyptic Sketches*, he enumerates at length the encroachments of Popery upon Protestantism in England, and quotes without contradiction the anticipations of the *Tablet*, that in 1888 two-fifths of the population of this country will be Roman Catholic. What dependence can be placed upon the honesty of a man who contradicts himself thus? Why should it be counted less dishonest to obtain credit and to extend the circulation of a book by such statements as this, than to go into a shop and obtain goods on false pretences? We have, however, more to say upon Dr. Cumming; and we shall take an early opportunity of returning to him, and of justifying the appropriation of so much space to a subject which at first sight appears so insignificant.

HERMANN LINGG'S POEMS.*

THESE poems have acquired considerable popularity in Southern Germany. They are not sufficiently important to create any great interest beyond the author's own country, and as a large portion of their charm is dependant on metrical form, it is scarcely possible to transfer them to another language with success. If not poetry of a very high class, however, they are at all events poetry, and not mere verse. The author writes from genuine feeling, and his words seem to drop naturally into rhythmical cadences of great beauty, which are often pervaded by an exquisite and original vein of melody. Many of his snatches of song are admirable in this respect. They murmur a music of their own in the ear as we read them, and leave a vague sense of delight behind, the source of which it would be hard to define. Of the poems of this class—and, unhappily for us, they are the best in the volume—it would be hopeless to convey any idea in translation, and we shall therefore limit our specimens to those in which the merit is of a less evanescent character.

* Gedichte von Hermann Lingg, Herausgegeben von Emanuel Geibel. Stuttgart und Augsburg: Cotta. 1856.

Here is a little song on the old theme of unsuccessful love, not ungracefully turned:—

SONG.

Should something whisper to my heart,
That mine is vow'd to thee,
Oh, doubt not, lady, that thou art
A light and joy to me.

Yet never do I wish thee mine;
I'll worship thee afar
In darkness, happy so there shine
On thee some brighter star.

Like music murmur'd in a dream,
Or like a rose, I love
And brood on thee;—thou art a gleam
To me of heaven above.

Be happy in thy thoughts of me,
For to be cherish'd there
Will round my path a glory be,
And bless me everywhere.

Oh yes, my bliss were all complete,
Were nothing left me more,
But this,—a heart to love thee, sweet,
And silently adore!

In the following lines, too, there is deep feeling, and in the original the verse has a dirge-like music in harmony with the theme, which, we fear, has escaped in our version:—

TO MY MOTHER.

'Twas Maytime, yet a time of cloud,
By famine sore the land was bow'd,
And all look'd sadly to the morrow,
When thou didst close, true mother mine,
Those sorrow-wearied eyes of thine,
In that long sleep that knows no sorrow.

Unto thy face, so grave and white,
The watchers' torches paly light
A glory like a scaph's smile lent;
How beautiful thou wert! The day
How sad, when spring's first blossoms lay
Upon thy heart, grown still and silent!

Thou cold, still heart, that yearn'd to me
With mother's love so tenderly,
In grief for me oft well-nigh broken,
Oh, must I think, thy life is o'er?
No look, no smile! For evermore
Thy last fond, parting words were spoken!

My every sorrow, folly, shame,
Thou saw'st afar before it came,
Thy loving eyes were cheated never,
'Twas wealth to thee my joy to view.
Gentle near thee I ever grew,
And this shall be no more for ever!

Now thou art gone, the earth appears
No more the earth of other years,
Its light and life are dead to me, too;
Sleep on, my comfort here I place,
That, come what may, a little space,
And where thou art, there I shall be too.

The majority of Lingg's poems are tinged by a deep shade of melancholy. The poet's life has been sad and unsuccessful, and, indeed, it is manifest from his verses that his temperament is not of the kind to enable him to make a destiny for himself. He is one of those men who are the sport of circumstances, who cherish great aspirations, indeed, but want the strength and persistency of character which are necessary to convert them into facts. It is thus he depicts himself at the close of some beautiful stanzas:—

To be struggling and striving for ever,
Wearing out body and brain—
To be ever aspiring, and never
One sure step onwards to gain—
To see all thy brightest dreams dwindle and fail—
Out, heart, this is thy curse and bale!

The same tone pervades many of his poems; and, though it may heighten their attractions for German sentimentalists, or for very young readers, it must certainly mar their success with more manly natures, whose experience of the actual sorrows and cares of life makes them seek in poetry its more cheerful and sunny aspects. When we summon the singer to our feasts, we do not relish the idea of his flinging a death's-head on the table, by way of prelude to his song, and then drawing such "hearse-like airs" from his lyre as make the viands loathsome and the wine taste like poison. Poor Lingg has fared badly in the world, having been long buffeted to and fro, and only rescued, we believe, from the slough of poverty by the kindness of strangers, who have taken better thought for him than he is able to take for himself. Thus his genius naturally inclines to painful themes, and appears but rarely to travel out of the shade of the cypress. "War, death, and sickness," bereavement and desolation, are favourite topics with him. This tendency of his mind is well shown in the following poem:—

THE SAILOR'S WIFE.

We gazed on the ship from the beach, ah me!
Till her sails swell'd in the wind,
Till darkness dropp'd down over the sea,
And our eyes with tears were blind;
Then home we turn'd, and we never spoke,
We daughters and wives of the sailor folk.

A year and better has since gone by,
And thou art on the deep,
Tossing in danger far off, and I
A widow am left to weep.
At home I sit, and I rock thy child,
But thou art rock'd by the tempest wild.

All the names oft rise before my sight
Of drowned men old and young,
Of whom we two by the fire at night
Have many a sad lay sung;
Forgotten men, most wild to see,
In the dreams of the dark oft come to me.

They shake their long, long sea-soak'd hair,
And, like messengers strange and dread,
A ring of gold unto me they bear,
And a greeting from the dead—
From thee, from thee!—I wake and weep,
And never again that night can sleep.

Thy lips, perhaps, are parch'd and dry,
And I can bring no cheer;
Fathoms deep thou perhaps dost lie,
With never a shroud or bier.
Woe's me, that even the hope must cease,
One day by thy side to rest in peace!

It appears still more conspicuously in his very striking verses upon the fearful visitation of the sixteenth century:—

THE BLACK DEATH.

I am the plague—Earth, be aghast!
I come to every land;
And I make for myself a brave repast;
My glance is fever, like furnace blast
Is the sweep of my sable hand.

I come from Egypt, many a mile,
In a mist of the ruddy gloom;
Poison I've suck'd on the shores of Nile,
From the sweltering eggs of the crocodile,
And the breath of the fierce Simoom.

Uphill, downdale, from shore to shore,
On sultry vapours sailing,
I make a desert my track before,
I plant a grave at every door,
And scatter cries of wailing.

The mighty people's death, the great
Mortality am I.
Drought heralds my advancing state,
I bring dear bread, and, lingering late,
Leave War for my legacy.

Vain, vain, how far so ever you flee,
My snorting steed flies wider;
The Swift Black Death, men christen me,
I distance the swiftest argosy,
And eke the swiftest rider.

I'm borne into the merchant's house
With the merchandise he plies there;
His heart is merry, he takes his 'rouse,
When out from his treasure I creep like a mouse,
And on his bier he lies there.

No castle on its rock-peak hung
Too high for me to scale it;
No young blood is for me too young,
No sinews for me too stoutly strung,
No heart but I assail it.

On the eye that has felt the glare of mine
The sunshine no more bursteth;
The man whose bread I have bless'd and wine,
For dust alone doth hunger and pine,
And to be gone home thirsteth.

Died in the East the mighty Khan;
By India's spice-isles prowling
Died Negro-prince and Mussulman;
And at midnight are heard in Ispahan,
The dogs o'er the dead men howling.

Byzantium was a city fair,
And Venice fair outvied it;
Now their men like leaves lie withered there,
And he that would gather that leafage rare
Lies cold and stark beside it.

To Norway's farthest cliffs I pass'd,
And into a little bay there
A ship, with her crew all dead, I cast,
And wherever the breath of my nostrils pass'd,
Sleep, leaden sleep did weigh there.

They lay, around the city spread,
Though days and moons were flying;
And there, when years on years have sped,
Will be found the City of the Dead
In desolation lying.

We hear from Munich, where Lingg resides, that he is preparing another volume for the press, containing numerous lyrics, and an epic, called *Die Völkerwanderung*, of which specimens are given in the volume before us. Judging from these, we form no great anticipations of the epic, but the lyrics will no doubt make the volume attractive. Lingg unquestionably possesses the lyrical faculty in a high degree. He sings as the bird sings, and the genuineness of his rich natural notes is not to be mistaken. His *Lied im Süden*, and his *Frau Venus*, in the present volume, for example, are as perfect lyrics as any in the literature of a country rich in lyrics. Beethoven or Schubert would have found in the former a theme worthy of

his genius; and the latter shows, by force of contrast, how Richard Wagner, in his *Tannhäuser*, has spoiled a beautiful legend. It is in this direction alone we can hope for anything good from Lingg. The accounts which have reached us of the man himself are inconsistent with the idea of his being able to execute any work that demands sustained power. Immersed in his day-dreams, he forgets everything, except his wife and children, and is as much dependent upon the former for keeping him straight in the common affairs of life as if he were a child. Like our own Blake, he sees visions, and holds converse with beings of the spiritual realm. Voices speak to him from the walls as he lies in bed, writes our informant, and "I am obliged to answer them," says Lingg. He draws, or rather thinks he draws; but the products of his pencil are the strangest imaginable, and wholly unintelligible—differing herein from Blake's, in which some glimmer of a meaning was generally to be descried. Those of Lingg are without form—an elaborate staining of the paper with something which he describes as human forms, mingled with spiritual existences. Above each figure, or object which passes for a figure, expands the soul in an immense shapeless mass. In short, they are the efforts of a mind deranged in one direction, and are singularly inconsistent with the beautiful, and often highly logical, verses which he writes. Yet he speaks of these "pictures" with a certain sort of awe, as if they were the results of the divine afflatus. Of all that he has written, his verses to his wife are, it is said, the most beautiful. It is fitting they should be, for her tender care of her husband, broken in health and shattered in brain by long years of privation and distress, is most exemplary. These it is intended to include in the promised new volume of his poems, for which the lovers of fresh and musical verse will look forward with interest. Meanwhile, those who have not met with the present volume will find it amply repay perusal.

LORD COCKBURN'S MEMORIALS OF HIS TIME.*

IN the year 1821, Lord Cockburn began, as he says, to "recollect and inquire," with a view to leaving behind him a volume which should give, from an authentic source, a picture of the changes that Scotland, and especially Edinburgh, had undergone within the period of his own recollection. He continued to work at his task during the nine following years, and has brought his *Memorials* down to the year 1830, when he was made Solicitor-General for Scotland. No one could have had greater advantages for writing the private history of the Scotch metropolis during the first years of the century than Lord Cockburn, and no one had mingled more largely in the chief events of the time. With a quiet and graceful style, a vein of subdued humour, keen observation, a genial happy nature, and strong opinions, held in a spirit of moderation, Lord Cockburn was exactly fitted to do justice to the materials easily attainable by the son of a judge, an eminent advocate, and the friend of Jeffrey and Brougham. These *Memorials* are a contribution to contemporary history such as the historian can very rarely find; and there is so much in them of all kinds—so many interesting anecdotes, so many graphic sketches of well-known men—that a reader, with no further purpose than to amuse himself, will find this one of the most entertaining books that he could lay his hands on.

Lord Cockburn was born in 1779. His father was at that time Sheriff of Midlothian, and was ultimately a Baron of Exchequer; and his official position and family connexions promised his son ready access to all that was best and most fashionable in Edinburgh society. When eight years old, Henry Cockburn was sent to the High School, where, after four years of preliminary torture and idleness, he was at last placed under the care of Dr. Adam, the author of the well-known work on *Roman Antiquities*. Dr. Adam was born, his pupil says, to teach Latin, Greek, and all virtue. His private industry was appalling. If one moment late at school, he would hurry in, and explain that he had been detained "verifying a quotation;" and he once stayed in town during a whole autumn vacation, away from a country house he had taken for his family, because, just as he was leaving Edinburgh, he got interested in some curious passages. Horner and Brougham were both at the High School at the same time with Lord Cockburn, although not of the same standing. Horner was the senior—and Lord Cockburn tells us that he looked up to Horner as a god. Of Brougham he gives a very characteristic anecdote. Fraser, the master of the class in which Brougham was at the time, corrected a piece of Brougham's Latin. Brougham ventured to differ with his teacher, and was punished on the spot as a rebel. But he reappeared next day loaded with books, returned to the charge before the whole class, and compelled Fraser to acknowledge he was wrong. Lord Cockburn says that he remembers having had Brougham pointed out to him as "the fellow who had beaten the master." In 1793, he was sent to the College of Edinburgh, where the intellectual world was first opened to him by Professor Finlayson's lectures on what was styled Logic, though it appears to have been, more properly, Psychology. He afterwards advanced to the Moral Philosophy of Dugald Stewart—the great era in the mental progress of the young Scotchmen of the day. So great was Lord Cockburn's boyish admiration of his lecturing,

* *Memorials of his Time*. By Henry Cockburn. Edinburgh: Black. 1856.

both in the matter and the manner, that he even found a charm in a slight asthmatic tendency which made Stewart often clear his throat; and years afterwards, Macvey Napier told Stewart that Cockburn had said there was eloquence in his very spitting. "To me," says Lord Cockburn, looking back and writing in the sobriety of mature life, "his lectures were like the opening of the heavens. I felt I had a soul: they changed my whole nature." The intellectual stimulus given by the teaching of Dugald Stewart was aided by the excitement of the debating societies which were then in such vigour in Edinburgh, and which contributed so powerfully to form the minds and expand the powers of their leading members. In the "Speculative," which he joined in 1799, Cockburn found Jeffrey, Horner, and Brougham taking a regular and active part; and he states that all three were as good writers and speakers then as at any time afterwards, and each in the very same style he afterwards retained.

Lord Cockburn gives a sketch of Scotch society such as it was when he first entered it. It was a coarse age, and given to tedious customs, but with a hearty enjoyment of life, and Edinburgh was rich with the unchecked flow of Scotch humour. So much time was consumed in prolonged social gatherings that it could not have been a very busy age, and its stiff courtesies and oppressive formalities would be insupportable to any one accustomed to modern society. A dinner, with its consequences, was a really terrible affair—healths and toasts being special torments such as cannot now be conceived. The healths must have been bad enough, but the toasts, and what were called "sentiments," seem incredible when we consider they were voluntary inflictions. "A faint conception," says Lord Cockburn, "of their nauseousness may be formed from the following examples, every one of which I have heard given a thousand times. The glasses being filled, a person was asked for his or her sentiment, and something of this kind was the response; 'May the pleasures of the evening bear the reflections of the morning;' or, 'Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds.' Adepts in the art knew a score of such platitudes by heart, and had one always at their tongue's end when it was asked for; but those not accustomed to the horrid practice found it a great tax on their inventive powers." Lord Cockburn tells a story of a poor dominie who was called on, and having nothing to guide him in an exercise to which he was new, after much writhing and groaning came out with, "The reflection of the moon in the cawm bosom of the lake."

Portraits follow of some of the most remarkable men and women of that day. Principal Robertson, for instance, "dined in our house very often," up to the time of his death, in 1793. He is described as a pleasant-looking old man, with an eye of great vivacity and intelligence, a large projecting chin, a small hearing-trumpet fastened by a black ribbon to a button-hole of his coat, and a rather large wig, powdered and curled. Adam Ferguson, the historian of Rome, presented a much more strange appearance. A severe paralytic attack had reduced his animal vitality, and he required considerable artificial heat. His raiment, therefore, consisted of half-boots lined with fur, cloth breeches, a long cloth waistcoat with capacious pockets, a single-breasted coat, a cloth great-coat also lined with fur, and a felt hat, commonly tied by a ribbon below the chin. With the exception of his boots, every article of his clothing was a whitish brown. "He looked," says Lord Cockburn, "like a philosopher from Lapland." Several men, less generally known, Henry the historian, Dr. Macknight, Dr. John Erskine, Dr. Carlyle, and Professor Robison, are all graphically portrayed, and we are asked to picture them to ourselves as they took their daily stroll round the Meadows, the academic grove of the Edinburgh philosophers. "It has been to me," our author says, "a constant gratification to remember that I saw the last remains of a school so illustrious and so national." An English critic of this day would scarcely, perhaps, apply the term illustrious to these northern worthies; but the effect they had on Scotland is evident from the place they occupied in public esteem, and the impressions their reputation produced on the mind of an ardent and intelligent young man. It is creditable to Scotland that men of that degree of literary and social eminence should have met with affectionate reverence, and consolatory to know that their honest endeavours after learning and virtue were crowned in the next generation with a success for which they could not have hoped.

The influence of women in Scotch society has always been one of its most marked features, and if we take up any well-known book, such as Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, which gives an insight into the Scotland of a century ago, we find in almost every page mention of some lady who gives a character and an importance to the particular circle in which the tourists found themselves. A mixture of sense, piety, and broad fun seems to have been the distinguishing mark of an old Scotch lady; and at Edinburgh there were several ladies who, when Lord Cockburn first entered society, represented their countrywomen very sufficiently, and whom Lord Cockburn describes as "a delightful set, strong-headed, warm-hearted, and high-spirited; the fire of their tempers not always latent; merry even in solitude; very resolute; indifferent about the modes and habits of the modern world." There was Mrs. Dundas, mother of the first Sir David Dundas, whose fun, and energy, and sense were as strong at eighty as they had been in youth. I remember, says Lord Cockburn, one of her grand-daughters stumbling, in the course of reading the newspaper to her, on a paragraph which stated

that a lady's reputation had suffered from some indiscreet talk on the part of the Prince of Wales. Up she of four-score sat, and said, with an indignant shake of her shrivelled fist and a keen voice, "The dawmed villain! does he kiss and tell?" There was Lady Arniston, mother of Henry Dundas, the first Lord Melville, a kind patroness of boys, and delighted to enter into all their adventures and misadventures. We are told that she once wished Lord Cockburn, when a schoolboy, and some of his companions to go on a message for her on an evening, and on one of the party objecting, that if they went, their lessons for the next day could not be got ready, "Hoot man," said Lady Arniston, "what o' that! as they used to say in my day—it's only het hips and awa' again?" There were some fine old spinsters too, and especially Miss Sophia, or Suphy Johnston, and Miss Menie Trotter. An anecdote of the former illustrates both the sangfroid of the old lady, and Lord Cockburn's turn for quiet and tersely-put humour. "Though enjoying life," he says, "neither she nor any of these stout-hearted women feared death. When Suphy's day was visibly approaching, Dr. Gregory prescribed abstinence from animal food, and recommended spoon-meat, unless she wished to die. 'Dee, Doctor! odd—I'm thinking they've forgotten an auld wife like me, up yonder.' However, when he came back next day, the Doctor found her at the spoon-meat—supping a haggis. She was remembered." Miss Menie Trotter was a frugal dame, who indulged in the annual extravagance of sacrificing at the shrine of hospitality an ox, which, according to a system of her own, she ate regularly from nose to tail. On one occasion she urged her neighbour, Sir Thomas Lauder, to dine with her the next Sunday, adding, "For eh! Sir Thammas! we're terrible near the tail noo!" She had an old-maidish horror of children, which she even carried into her visions of the next world. "I had a dismal dream last night," she said to a friend, shortly before she died, "a fearful dream. Of a' places i' the world, I dreamed I was in heaven! And what d'ye think I saw there? Deil ha'et but thousands upon thousands, and ten thousands upon ten thousands, o' stark naked weans! That wad be a dreadful thing! for ye ken I ne'er could bide bairns a' my days."

In 1800, Lord Cockburn entered the Faculty of Advocates, and he takes the opportunity furnished by the mention of this incident in his life to give a series of sketches of the most noted Judges who about that period sat on the Scotch Bench. Lords Monboddo, Swinton, and Braxfield, had left the scene shortly before the close of the century. "Braxfield," says Lord Cockburn, "was the giant of the Bench. His very name makes people start yet." Without any great knowledge of law, he had a rough sense and a natural acuteness, which made him a good judge according to the standard of the times. He was a coarse, brutal man; but his hearty laughter, energy of manner, and humour, made his audience tolerate and even enjoy him. "Almost the only story of him," Lord Cockburn tells us, "I ever heard that had some fun in it, without immodesty, was when a butler gave up his place because his lordship's wife was always scolding him. 'Lord,' he exclaimed, 'ye're little to complain o'; ye may be thankful ye're no married to her.' As a criminal judge, he was atrociously unjust, and hunted down a prisoner as if he were chasing a wild beast. "Come awa, Maister Horner," he said, on one occasion, to a juror, "come awa, and help us to hang ane o' thae damned secondrels." For the mysteries of criminal precedents and forms, he used to rely on the knowledge of the clerk of the court, Mr. Norris, and used to say, "Hoot! just gie me Josie Norrie and a gude jury, and I'll doo for the fallow." David Rae, Lord Eskgrove, was the most prominent judge when Lord Cockburn first entered the Outer House. "When I first knew him," we are told, "he was in the zenith of his absurdity—a more ludicrous personage could not exist." Brougham tormented him. His revenge consisted in sneering at Brougham's eloquence, by calling it or him the *Harangue*. "Well, gentlemen, what did the Harangue say next? Why, it said this (misstating it); but here the Harangue was most plainly wrong, and not intelligible." He was a furious loyalist, and Lord Cockburn heard him, in condemning a tailor to death for murdering a soldier, aggravate the offence thus:—"And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust, or push, or pierce, or project, or propell, the lethale weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were his Majesty's." In the trial of Glengarry, for murder, a lady of great beauty was called as a witness. She came into court veiled, and the Judge thus addressed her:—"Young woman, you will now consider yourself as in the presence of Almighty God, and of this High Court. Lift up your veil; throw off all modesty, and look me in the face." Of the younger judges, the most remarkable was George Fergusson, Lord Hermand—a man of great fervour and oddity of character. He did not depend much on book-learning for his legal knowledge, and was very apt to say, "My Laards, I feel my law—here, my Laards," striking his heart. On one occasion, he thus got rid of an inconvenient Act of Parliament brought forward against him. "But then, we're told that there's a statute against all this. A statute! What's a statute? Words. Mere words! And am I to be tied down by words? No, my Laards; I go by the law of *right reason*." In giving his opinion on the validity of a qualification to vote for a member of Parliament, after it had been sustained both in Scotland and in the

House of Lords, he declared that, nevertheless, it was not only bad, but so bad that "I defy Omnipotence to make it good." Playfair, on hearing this, said, "Then it must be very bad indeed; for his lordship assured me lately that he had no difficulty in conceiving God to make a world where twice three was not six." We will conclude with a story of Lord Meadowbank. Mr. Baird, an advocate, was in a dull technical way stating a dry case to his lordship, who was sitting single. This did not please the judge, who thought that his dignity required a grander tone. So he dismayed Mr. Baird by throwing himself back in his chair, and saying, "Decaim, Sir! why don't you declaim? Speak to me as if I was a popular assembly!"

There are two ways in which Lord Cockburn's book is full of interest—it contains a great variety of anecdotes and sketches of eminent men, and it gives a history of the progress of opinion, and the growth of political life in Scotland, and especially in Edinburgh. We have attempted to give our readers some notion of what is to be found in it under the first of these heads. We hope in a succeeding notice to follow Lord Cockburn through the political changes of Edinburgh which he witnessed, and in effecting which he himself took a large and important part.

LETTERS ON TURKEY.*

THIS translation will be the means of widely disseminating in England a fuller and juster appreciation of the condition and prospects of Turkey, and of the wisdom of the policy of her allies. It will be seen that the despairing view so often enforced by the opponents of the late war was not founded on accurate inquiry into facts, but that the efforts of the Western Powers have been directed to a useful, and probably to a practicable, object. The Ottoman empire, according to the Peace party, was an odious but effete despotism. It had lost some of its power, but none of its inclination, to oppress and tyrannize over the Christian races. The task of maintaining such a corrupt and crumbling institution was impossible; and besides, humanity and religion forbade our attempting it. While such language as this was held on one side, we had on the other Mr. Urquhart, Mr. Layard, and their followers, apparently convinced, and striving to convince the nation, that the Turks we had been wont to abuse and abhor were really and truly a model of moral and social excellence which we should ourselves do well to imitate. There was, of course, the trifling exception of polygamy; but in other respects, Eastern travellers—perhaps unconsciously—did in fact preach Islamism, inasmuch as they maintained that the dispensation of Mahomet had borne better fruit than that of Christ.

Between the unmeasured invectives of Mr. Cobden and the extravagant praise of the Orientalists, it seemed at one time almost impossible for the public to understand clearly whether the Turkish power could or ought to be maintained; and many persons feared that, before the mind of the nation had been made up, the season for action might have passed by for ever. But happily the English people obeyed a true instinct, and now that the task is done, they learn beyond doubt that it was as wise and just to undertake as it was practicable to execute it. The losses, however, of the late war are still mourned in many a household, and its burdens will for some time continue to be felt by all. It is not, therefore, by any means too late to study with attention the sound reasoning and abundant details of M. Ubicini on the state of Turkey, nor could any clearer or more conclusive vindication have been offered for the policy of our own and the French Government during the last three years. These letters prove that the Ottoman dominion in Europe possesses at least as many elements of stability as other States for which no one dreams of providing substitutes. There is reason to believe that the most dangerous crisis of the "sick man's" disease is now over, and that Russia had anticipated a turn in the progress of the complaint; and in fear of it attempted to accelerate the patient's downward course.

Turkey, it has been said, will fall through the Koran. She will fall, as every social system must fall, that rests upon a principle of immutability; for nothing human can endure, unless it has the power of self-modification. Against this opinion, which has been often propounded by writers of high authority, M. Ubicini strenuously contends. Mohammed, says the Koran, was the seal of all the prophets. He is the greatest of the prophets, superior to Moses, David, and Jesus Christ, as the Koran is above the Pentateuch, the Psalms, and the Gospels. The Turks, therefore, regard the Mosaic, Christian, and Mohammedan dispensations, not as different religions, but as successive transformations of the same religion, resulting one from the other, and each indicating a new step in the progress of humanity. The mission of Mohammed was final, but does it follow thence that human progress is arrested? Are we authorized to conclude that the Prophet regarded his doctrine as the limit of all possible human perfectibility? But further, the basis of Islamism is a species of eclectic rationalism. It borrows from the two religions from which it sprung all that is conformable and intelligible to unaided reason—the idea of one God, the immortality of the soul, the belief in a future state of recompense—which are ad-

mitted by all systems of philosophy; while it rejects all that is based upon faith alone, save the single doctrine of divine inspiration. "God is God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God"—these words contain all that is essential or obligatory in the Mussulman creed, for the simple reception of these two great truths by the intellect is held sufficient to secure the possession of heaven. And at the same time that the religious dogma of the Koran results in a comprehensive deism, it leads, in its moral and political tendencies, to doctrines of the most liberal and progressive nature. It is true that the Turks at the present day dread republican institutions, and have even ceased to entertain just ideas of them, exactly in proportion as the spirit of their own primitive institutions has disappeared. The word "Republic" alarms them, because they believe it to be synonymous with anarchy—but not the idea itself, which is the foundation of the Mussulman's social system. A Turk inquired the meaning of the words *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, engraved on a piece of French money. "God is great!" he exclaimed. "That which the infidels write on coins of gold or silver, God has written on the heart of every true Mussulman!" In fact, the institutions, and especially the social habits, of Turkey, are deeply imbued with the principle of absolute equality; and this has been the case from the earliest times of Islamism. Mohammed undertook to found a democratic society on the ruins of the Arab oligarchies. It was a saying of Abou-bekir, the first caliph, that "there are neither kings nor beggars in Islam; there are only Mussulmans." Again, the pilgrimage to Mecca was intended to remind the faithful, who mingled in prayer, of the equality which ought to subsist among disciples of the same faith. And so, too, the fast of the Ramazan, which institutes a temporary equality between rich and poor, was established with a view to the same great principle. "If," writes M. Ubicini, "we seek a noble example of that moral equality which among us is not even to be found on the threshold of the house of God, not even at the entrance to the tomb, let us enter a mosque." The religious sentiment invests the meanest Turk with a certain self-respect. The poor man, even in receiving alms, esteems himself the equal of him who bestows it. This is not pride—it is obedience to the law of religion—to Islam; for *Islam* means *resignation to God*. Both the beggar and the rich man are obeying the law—the one in enduring his destiny, the other in succouring his brother. There is no more reason to be proud of good fortune than to be humiliated by bad; for good and evil proceed equally from the hand of God. Respect of persons is unknown to the Osmanli—he acts constantly as though he were in the sight of God, and does not trouble himself about the opinion of man.

Such, according to M. Ubicini, is the spirit of Islamism; and he proceeds to contend that, inasmuch as its doctrine leads, in religion, to a spiritualism which is identical with the principle of Christianity—in politics, to republican equality—in morals, to the exercise of the purest virtues—it cannot reasonably be considered as necessarily inimical to civilisation and social progress. "It is not the Koran," he urges, "which is opposed to reform, but the religious body in Turkey, which in spite of the Koran has contrived to establish itself, with its ulemas and its dervishes—its tekies and its mosques." We should observe that our author is a Frenchman, and, as we understand, reckons himself a Catholic, notwithstanding his jealousy of the priestly office, and his apparent conviction of its uselessness.

It is possible that the foregoing arguments may be better adapted to win acceptance among the author's countrymen than in England. They have, perhaps, something of a speculative and unpractical air, and fall considerably short of any solid assurance of the feasibility of regenerating Turkey. Nevertheless, we cannot doubt that M. Ubicini is perfectly right in pointing out that reform can only proceed successfully in the Ottoman empire by assuming the character of a religious movement; and therefore, when he shows that the most vital reforms are capable of being represented as a simple development of the principles of the Koran, he does, in fact, offer a most cogent argument to prove that the future of Turkey is by no means hopeless. To the progress of improvement, however, the continuance of the imperial line of Osman is essential, for it is not improbable that the extinction of the present dynasty would be followed by the immediate dissolution of the empire. The dynasty of Osman, being the only family in the empire that has retained an hereditary name, an unbroken genealogy, and inherited rights, is the centre of union, the political tie binding together all the parts of the monarchy, whose existence seems identified with its own. The reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, whom M. Ubicini calls greater as a hero and reformer than the Russian Peter, were opposed by the ulemas, who excited the fanatical zeal of the people by representing that the new ideas would occasion the ruin of the throne and of religion, and that the Sultan was led astray by perfidious counsellors. But if, in time, as may be expected, a more enlightened priesthood should arise, and if the Government, in attempting to introduce improvements, should be cautious to represent them, not as innovations borrowed from Europe, but as a return to the principles of the Koran and a truer application of them, opposition will cease. Then it may be hoped that nothing will check in Turkey the progress of that regeneration which has been hitherto impeded by the uncertainties of her position and by the machinations of diplomatic art.

* *Letters on Turkey: an Account of the Religious, Political, Social, and Commercial Condition of the Ottoman Empire; the Reformed Institutions, Army, Navy, &c. &c. Translated from the French of M. A. Ubicini, by Lady Easthope. London: Murray. 1856.*

Nor need we apprehend that the sincere efforts of the Porte towards reform will be disturbed by any serious movement among the subject races. The privileges lately granted will go far to allay the hostility which, since the conquest, has ever inflamed the Rayah against his lord. This consequence has long been manifest to all who desired to foment ancient enmities; and, accordingly, one of the difficulties of the Porte in effecting reforms has been to overcome the resistance of those men, who, in common with their co-religionists, would be directly benefited by the change. And, besides, however much the various Christian communities hate the Turk, they hate each other more. There is, consequently, no chance whatever of a general combination of the subject races against their masters. They would rather perish separately than be saved together; and although the Ottomans form only one third of the total population of the empire, there is no reason to fear that they could not hold their ground against any possible insurrection of the Rayahs. The Greeks of European Turkey do not exceed one million souls, and they are the veritable descendants of the Greeks described by Juvenal. They are swift to speak and slow to act. When the standard of rebellion was raised, in 1821, by their nobler brethren of Greece Proper, they did not venture to take arms in their support. They are admirable as merchants, linguists, physicians, and professors of literature and science—

Such cunning they who dwell on high
Have given unto the Greek;

but of patriotism or military spirit they have no spark, and if they could establish independence, they would only prove themselves utterly incapable of self-government. Nor does it appear likely that the little kingdom of Greece can seriously disturb the tranquillity of the administration of the Porte. The opinion is held by many persons that the foundation of that kingdom has done much to retard the general progress of the Greek race, and that the hopes of future amelioration would have been greater under Turkish rule, tempered as it now is by the counsels of European statesmen, and by the circulation of European thought. It was probably expected that independent Greece would attract a steady flow of Greek immigration from the Turkish provinces. The fact, however, is, that the tide runs strongly the other way, and this fact goes far to prove that the Greeks, however voluble in abuse and pathetic in complaint, have a practical sense of the advantages of an oppression which often raises its victims to a state of very enviable prosperity. They possess, in truth, an intimate conviction that they are as well off under the Turkish rule as they are likely to be under any other conceivable arrangement; and they enjoy, at the same time, unlimited freedom for murmuring and seditious talk. That they would gain by transferring their allegiance to Russia is very doubtful; and it is certain that, if they had any grievances, it would be necessary to bury them in a discreet silence.

The eyes of the majority of the Greek race are, it is true, turned towards Russia, but they will not stir a step to meet her. If Russia could conquer the Turkish provinces, the Greeks would probably submit with cheerfulness to a change which they would assuredly not have contributed to bring about. Nor is it likely that the more numerous but inert Bulgarians will ever prove more valuable allies. Whatever their sympathy with Russia, it will certainly not avail to induce them to co-operate with the Greeks. And of the Armenians, again, there is even less hope. Among all the races of the empire, the Turks have the most capacity for government; and, whatever may be thought of the insecurity of their power, it contains at least more elements of stability than any description of independent State that we can conceive as occupying its place.

CALLISTA.*

A CHANGE has of late years come over the weapons of polemics, as well as over those of war. The improved rifle is, for many purposes, superseding artillery; and the tale and the pamphlet are taking the place of the controversial treatise. Miss Sewell and the authoress of the *Heir of Redcliffe* have done more, in some quarters, for their party than the *Tracts for the Times* or the *Library of the Fathers*; and we suspect that one at least of the series of works to which the book before us belongs will produce far greater effects on certain minds than many more elaborate productions.

The author of *Callista* does not put his name upon its title-page. He gives us, however, to understand that he knows it is not a secret. His motive for preserving, as well as he can, his incognito, is certainly a good one:—"He has some misgivings lest there should be any want of exactness in his minor statements, whether of opinion or fact, which carry with them authority when they bear the name of a writer." It is well, perhaps, that he should remain half-concealed, for other reasons; for *Callista* will detract from, not increase, his reputation. It is a great failure—indeed, one of the most complete and hopeless failures which we have ever met with. The authorities of the Roman Church do not, in general, "put round men into square holes, or square men into round holes;" but for once they have stumbled into this most un-Jesuitical blunder.

The scene is laid in Proconsular Africa—that beautiful district

which, even before the first war with Carthage, was so cultivated and so thickly peopled, that Dr. Arnold compares it to the neighbourhood of Geneva, or to the valley of the Thames above London. Under the rule of the Romans, it had suffered much from the rapacity of individual governors; but its general prosperity had not been checked, and at the period when the story before us commences, in the days of Decius, it was one of the most valuable provinces which owned the imperial sway. In the centre of this region lay the city of Sicca Veneria. A legionary, by name Strabo, who had been converted to Christianity, had settled on a small piece of land near Sicca, and had married a wife of the old Numidian race. Gurta was neither virtuous nor amiable—her conduct was regulated partly by the example of Messalina, and partly by that of Canidia. She was, in fact, a sorceress of the very worst kind. At last, there appears to have been a separation. After a few years, the old soldier—

made a good end. He had been allowed to take the blessed sacrament from the altar to his own home on the last time he had been able to attend a synaxis of the faithful, and thus had communicated at least six months within his decade; and the priest who anointed him at the beginning of his last illness also took his confession. He died, begging forgiveness of all whom he had injured, and giving large alms to the poor. This was about the year 235, in the midst of that long peace of the Church which was broken at length by the Decian persecution.

He left behind him two sons—Juba and Agellius. These youths were brought up by their uncle Jucundus, a cheerful matter-of-fact old man, who drove a thriving trade in images at Sicca, and took the world very much as he found it. Juba did not give him much uneasiness. He was obstinate and headstrong, but he seemed to have inherited little of his father's turn of mind. Agellius, on the other hand, who was more tractable and decorous, professed Christianity, and was deeply tinged with that peculiar and rather sombre tone of sentiment which had characterized old Strabo. The disposition and the pursuits of Jucundus combined to make him averse to Christianity; but he had other and more unselfish reasons for being annoyed at the opinions of his nephew. A change had taken place in the Roman policy, and Decius had determined to appease the angry Gods by a persecution of the Church. St. Fabian had already been put to death in Rome, and St. Cyprian had fled from Carthage. The imperial edict enjoining severities against the obnoxious sect was, at the time when the story opens, expected from hour to hour in Sicca. To reason with Agellius the old man knew was hopeless—to coerce him was impossible. At last he hit upon a plan which seemed for some time likely to be crowned with success. Two Greeks from Proconnesus, Aristo and his sister Callista had been, brought to Sicca by Jucundus, to assist him in his trade, and he thought that by baiting his hook with the beautiful Greek girl, he might allure Agellius from his dangerous courses. The extreme reluctance of the authorities at Sicca to let loose the populace, even against the Christians, gave him time to elaborate and partially to execute this plan; but several unforeseen circumstances deranged all his calculations. Agellius, returning from a visit to Callista, suddenly came upon the imperial edict, just posted up in the market-place, and, overwhelmed by the shock, fell ill. Thus time was lost, and one Cæcilius, who turns out to be no other than Thascius Cæcilius Cyprianus, suddenly appeared by the young man's sickbed, and confirmed him in the Christian faith. A flight of locusts destroyed the hopes of an abundant harvest, and the locusts were followed by pestilence and scarcity. A bread riot in the Forum grew into a tumult, and the tumult took a dangerous direction, for some unlucky voice exclaimed, at the sight of a noble Numidian lion, *Christianos ad leones*. An attack is made on the cottage of Agellius, which lay in the country some miles from Sicca. He escapes into the city, guided by one Firmus, a *gamin* retained by Jucundus, in whose silly talk we find it hard to recognise the style of the future Firmus Lactantius, whose writings were, by no less an authority than Pico Mirandola, preferred to those of Cicero. Cæcilius escapes to a Christian refuge in the mountains, aided by the scoffing and wayward, but not ill-natured Juba. Juba recounts this exploit to his mother, who throws something at him, whereon he becomes possessed. In the interval between the escape of Agellius and that of Cæcilius, Callista had come to the cottage, and had held a long conversation with the Christian priest. The mob find her here, and arrest her as a Christian. She is hurried off to Sicca and imprisoned. On her examination, she denies that she is a Christian, but refuses to sacrifice. Her brother visits her in prison, and vainly tries to overcome her obstinacy. The rhetoric of Polemo, a great teacher of philosophy, is as powerless as her brother's tears. Aristo then tries to liberate his sister by employing back-stairs influence. He obtains permission for her to leave the prison if she will only sign a writing to say she has sacrificed. This she declines to do, anticipating, though as yet no Christian, "the judgment of the Church on the case of the Libellatici." Aristo goes off in despair, and "abandons" Callista "to the Furies." Callista bethinks her of a copy of the Gospel of St. Luke, which Cæcilius had given her just before they parted. She reads and believes. Cæcilius and his deacon Victor come at the risk of their lives to Sicca, and "give her all three sacraments at once"—"Baptism, Confirmation, and Holy Eucharist." Her brother sends her a dagger, which she declines to use, saying she has no brother "except one who is calling her." At her next examination she avows herself a Christian,

* *Callista; a Sketch of the Third Century*. London: Burns and Lambert. 1856.

and is then thrown into the *tullianum*—thence she is brought forth to die by the *equuleus*. Her tortures are described minutely. Her remains are exposed to wild beasts; but no wild beast will approach them:—

The sun of Africa has passed over the heavens, but has not dared with one of his fierce rays to profane the sacred relics which lie out before him. The mists of evening rise up, and the heavy dews fall, but they neither bring the poison of decay to that gracious body, nor receive it thence. The beasts of the wild are roaring and roaring at a distance, or nigh at hand: not any one of them presumes to touch her.

Agellius, who has escaped from friendly durance at his uncle's house and joined Cæcilius, comes with some Christians and carries off the body. They reach in safety the refuge in the mountain. "The sacred body is placed before the altar, and mass begins." Juba, who has found his way here, is quite changed after the ceremony is over. He becomes "quiet, harmless, and silent, but the evil spirit has gone out." Still he remains an idiot. "This wonderful deliverance was but the beginning of the miracles which followed the martyrdom of St. Callista." Amongst other things, she appears ten years after her death to Juba, and completely restores him to health, though he dies presently afterwards. Agellius removes the body of St. Callista to Sicca, and puts it under the high altar, at which he, when a bishop, says mass daily. At last he is put to death in the Dioclesian persecution, and is "placed under the high altar also." With this event, and in these words, this strange story ends.

One transaction recorded in these pages is so extraordinary that we must quote the passage. It is the *finale* of the scene between Juba and his mother:—

While he was talking and singing, her call had been answered from the hut. An animal of some wonderful species had crept out of it, and proceeded to creep and crawl, moaning and twisting as it went along the trees and shrubs which rounded the grass-plot. When it came up to the old woman, it crouched at her feet, and then rose up upon its hind legs and begged. She took hold of the uncouth beast and began to fondle it in her arms, muttering something in its ear. At length, when Juba stopped for a moment in his song, she suddenly flung it right at him, with great force, saying, "Take that!" She then gave utterance to a low inward laugh, and leaned herself back against the trunk of the tree under which she was sitting, with her knees drawn up almost to her chin.

The blow seemed to act on Juba as a shock on his nervous system, both from its violence and its strangeness. He stood still for a moment, and then, without saying a word, he turned away, and walked slowly down the hill, as if in a maze.

Much more follows in the same style. It is but right to remember that the author confesses to having stopped in the middle of this work "from sheer inability to devise personages or incidents;" but what defence can be set up for supplying his lack of invention by simple drivel? *Fabiola*, as a story, has many faults, but they are atoned for by no inconsiderable merits. Pancratius is a mere puppet, and the contrast between Sebastian, the bustling intelligent young officer, and the St. Sebastian of art, is too violent not to offend; but the character of St. Agnes, although wanting in human interest and quite impossibly perfect, is, to say the least, prettily imagined; while, in the case of *Fabiola* herself, the influence of Christianity on the proud, capricious, luxurious Roman lady, is given admirably. The local colouring of the story is also excellent, and would, of itself, recommend the book to anyone acquainted with Rome and the Campagna. We wish we could find anything to praise in *Callista*. The heroine is thoroughly unattractive, both in life and death—indeed, she can scarcely be said to live at all. She is an automaton, moved by supernatural machinery. Her conversion to Christianity appears to be the result of some mysterious power acting on a mind *blasé*, so to speak, with Greek mythology and poetry—sick of Sophocles and Menander—sick of images and philosophy—sick of Africa, and sick of life; but we look in vain for the delicate rendering of varying emotions which would have made her change from darkness to light interesting. It is an *opus operatum*. One day, she is a Greek girl, with all her views as lax and accommodating as may be—now acting the part of Antigone, now scandalizing Agellius by assuming the graces of Thais. The next, she is a confessor and martyr, a saint, and a benefactress of the faithful. We hardly see why the book is called by her name at all, for the history of Agellius occupies a far larger part of it; and he, though a sufficiently insignificant personage, is at least as remarkable as she is. We can quite believe the statement in the preface that the work before us required more reading than at first sight appears; but the erudition, such as it is, is rather stuck on to, than incorporated with, the story. Nothing could be more clumsily managed than the scene where Jucundus tells his nephew how he may marry Callista—either by *confarreatio*, or by *coemptio*, or by *usus*—and assures him, when he objects to all these methods that, he is not recommending "mere *contubernium*, as the lawyers call it."

But awkward as is the learning, the liveliness is ten times worse. Jucundus is made to say that Agellius "wants to swop" Callista for his religion. Firmius speaks of a "jolly row" beginning in the forum, and of an "old chap giving himself airs." Callista's martyrdom is described with all that exaggeration and coarse detail of bodily suffering which is so repulsive a feature in the Romanism of Italy—that most disagreeable kind of Romanism of which the Oratory at Edgbaston seems likely to become the centre in England. We do not find one trace, in all this volume, of its author's well-known eloquence, nor one of those felicitous touches which made *Loss and Gain* an

amusing book—at least to those who are familiar with the scenes which it described. It is beyond our province to allude to the theological bearing of the work. One or two of the passages we have quoted were selected partly with a view to show the way in which the writer has assumed Romanist customs and beliefs as already existing in the middle of the third century.

It is sad to see a really gifted man making himself ridiculous; but it is consoling to reflect that *Callista* will do nothing to serve the cause which its author advocates. On some persons it may even exercise a repelling influence; for several rather startling questions are suggested when we see that the "persuader of men"—the subtle disputant on whose lips Oxford hung for many a day—has, under we will not attempt to say what influence, come to write and deliberately to publish so wretched a book as this.

THE SORROWS OF GENTILITY.*

IN this novel, Miss Jewsbury has successfully attacked the system of social pretences. That the "sorrows of gentility" are self-inflicted, and cannot command a particle of sympathy, we need no fiction, however, to point out. Miss Jewsbury has given us a story full of the follies of a family who, wishing to be fashionable, contrive to be very ridiculous. Although she only exposes the most flagrant specimens of the absurdity she assails, we feel that the sort of social hypocrisy which she denounces is not confined to any class. It is almost universal, pervading every branch of society, and its difference in different circles is simply one of degree, not of kind. The subject is a very fertile one, and it may be interesting to see how Miss Jewsbury has handled it in the two entertaining volumes that lie before us. In the first place, she evidently does not consider a novel in the light of a rostrum from which she is entitled to hurl invectives against society in general, and sham gentility in particular. As Miss Jewsbury feels how insincerity debases and enervates character, she makes her personages tell us so by their lives. Gertrude Morley is the heroine. Her parents are a substantial money-getting couple, proprietors of a prosperous roadside inn in the old coaching days. Mrs. Morley had a son, but all her aspirations were centered in her only daughter, who we are told, was the pride of her heart. Accordingly, she was spoilt; and her mother, determining that Gertrude should "hold up her head with the best of them," sent her to a fashionable boarding school at eight years old, "to be taught everything."

At school, she acquired a smattering of some showy accomplishments, which cost a great deal of money but a very diminutive expenditure of brain. She was "finished" and sent home at seventeen, without being a whit the wiser, or furnished with any substantial knowledge, but with enough of artificial refinement to unfit her for her position. Gertrude's return and its consequences are capitally told. She is a pretty, "missish," good-natured girl, without much character or intellect. She really deserves to be pitied, for while all her old associates have become distasteful to her, her father is angry with his wife for having given his girl a "newfangled" education, and his violence terrifies and subdues poor Gertrude into sitting in the odious bar, making out bills and keeping the books.

This state of things is terminated by an invitation to visit an old school friend, who is ill, and wishes to have Gertrude's company. Mrs. Morley is proud that her daughter should receive such a friendly invitation from "real gentlefolks;" and using "all the matrimonial sagacity she had gained by so many years experience," she extorts her husband's consent. During her visit, Gertrude meets a young Irishman, who falls violently in love with her, and proposes at the end of a week's acquaintance. She has no particular liking for him, but unforeseen trifles often decide great events. The post brings a letter from Mrs. Morley, suddenly recalling her to assist in the preparations for an election dinner. In Mr. Donnelly, Gertrude sees her only chance of escape from duties which have become doubly irksome. He urges her to elope—she hesitates, but at last consents—and they go off to Gretna Green and get married. They have no very brilliant prospects—her dower being limited to beauty, and his fortune to unlimited expectations:—

It may sound immoral, but it is no less a matter of fact, that the idle and good-for-nothing who hang about in the world expecting "strokes of fortune," generally receive them. Those who become burdens on their friends—who are always in want of "just a few pounds," to enable them to go to America, to India, or to Heaven, to take possession of a "most excellent situation"—are always those who will be found to have had the most remarkable instances of "good luck" in the course of their life; but then they have never been any the better for it.

Those who trust to prosaic, plodding industry and their own exertions, meet with all manner of difficulties, but seldom or never with a genuine stroke of "good luck." They shape their lives according to the natural laws of cause and effect—they reap what they have honestly sown. Whereas the "good luck" and "strokes of fortune," when practically interpreted, mean only receiving what has not been earned, and in most cases not deserved,—and, like the seed in the parable, which fell where there was stony ground, "having no root in itself, dried up and withered away." Augustus Donnelly, the husband of Gertrude, was always on the look-out for "good luck."

He had always intended to make his great stroke of fortune by marrying an heiress, but he had married Gertrude instead, so that avenue to prosperity was closed against him; but to do him justice, he was so desperately in love with his wife, that he never gave a thought to what he had missed. When

* *The Sorrows of Gentility*. By Miss Jewsbury. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1856.

he found that her father was a rich innkeeper, it was certainly a severe shock to his family pride,—for he had more than an Irishman's ordinary contempt for trade and low connexions. He comforted himself by reflecting on the great convenience it would be to have a rich father-in-law, who, of course, would be only too glad to pay handsomely for the honour his family had received in his name and self. He accordingly wrote, in a condescending style, to Simon Morley, inquiring what settlement he was prepared to make on his daughter, talked largely of his family and connexions, and begged him to say by return of post when he should order his man of business to meet Mr. Morley's solicitor, and concluded by expressing his intention of very shortly bringing his fair bride to plead in person for restoration of her father's favour!

The effect of such a letter upon Simon Morley may be conceived. He did not mention it to his wife. If he had, Mrs. Morley would have been at no loss to explain the terrible humour he came home in that night, which exceeded all she had ever known in the course of her matrimonial experience, and which she attributed to a bad day's sport, and his favourite mare going lame. If she had seen her husband that day, she would have known how the poor mare came to be lame.

The young couple remain in Scotland a short time, but sufficiently long to exhaust their finances. Apparently, they have no means of extricating themselves from their increasing embarrassments, when Lord Southend, one of Mr. Donnelly's old college friends, arrives, on his way from the moors, just in time to furnish them with money. Better still, he offers them seats in his barouche. Mr. Donnelly "drops" his wife at his mother's house, and proceeds with the earl to London to look after his promised appointment. Here the real interest in the story commences, and we are induced to give two extracts which will introduce the reader to the *Sorrows of Gentility*:—

The carriage stopped a few minutes afterwards before a large, old-fashioned stone house, full of dismal-looking windows, in a street where the grass grew up luxuriantly amongst the stones. A double flight of stone steps led up to the door, garnished with iron studs and an immense brass knocker, which seemed capable of beating it down, as it sounded a thundering accompaniment to the sepulchral peal of the bell, which reverberated through the house at the summons of the aristocratic supercilious footman.

"You surely are not going to leave me here, Augustus?" said Gertrude, frightened at the noise they made, and sick with anticipation of the introduction that awaited her.

"Do not be childish, Gertrude, I desire," replied her husband; "you are only going to see my mother."

The door was by this time opened by a small footboy in somewhat faded livery and clumsy shoes. Augustus sprang out of the carriage and assisted the trembling Gertrude.

"Tell your mistress that her son and his lady are here, and then see to getting the luggage. You had best send for some one to help you."

"Yes, sir. If you please, sir, what name shall I say, sir?" Missis did say she was not at home, sir."

"Do as I bid you, and be off with you," replied Mr. Augustus, imperiously.

"Please to come this way, sir," said the boy, submissively, leading the way across a large hall, paved in black and white, and ushering them into the drawing-room—a lofty room, with walls painted lead-colour, and windows hung with drab moreen curtains trimmed with borders of black cotton velvet; a gilt mirror over the chimney-piece was surmounted by a black eagle, holding a festoon of glass drops from his beak; girandoles, festooned in a similar manner, stood upon the mantel-shelf; the hearth-rug was turned back, and the small, hard-stuffed settee was thriftily covered with a duster, whilst an array of black cane chairs, with gilt knobs, stood in order against the walls.

"This room does not look as if it saw much company!" said Mr. Augustus, looking round; "and it isn't myself that would trouble it if I stayed here.—What is it you are crying for at all?" said he, turning to his wife; "just when you ought to look like the pretty creature you are, to do me credit."

Further exhortation was cut short by the entrance of the Dowager Mrs. Donnelly herself.

This was not one of her days for being visible to callers. The sound of the carriage had disturbed her in the midst of some very homely employments, and she had hastily retired to improve her somewhat *négligé* toilet. A gown of dashed black satin, which had once been a gala dress, as proved by the traces of bugles and embroidery which lingered upon it, had been smartened up by the addition of a large brooch, like a tombstone, bearing the miniature of the deceased admiral in the full splendour of his naval uniform; a gauze cap, that might have been cleaner, but which could not have been finer, covered the locks of her auburn *toupée*, and her thick white stockings were eased in strong stuff shoes. She was a portly, stately dame of fifty. At the first glance, she looked to be a kind motherly woman; but there was a certain hard self-complacency about her face that afforded little hope of any spontaneous warmth; a stereotyped sweetness in her smile, and a hard grey eye that never joined in it at all. She was extremely affable, for she had the fixed idea that, being of a distinguished family, she must behave accordingly. Her fortune was narrow, but her manners were ample, to compensate for it.

Gertrude, who had been often told by her husband that his mother was the most distinguished ornament of the Court at Dublin, and the "life and soul of every party at the Castle," was greatly impressed by this elaborate suavity, and followed her mother-in-law, as she glided from the drawing-room, with the implicit reverence due to the great lady she believed her to be.

We can compare this mother-in-law to no one but the Old Campaigner in the *Newcomes*. It is not our intention to tell Gertrude's story, although it might be easily done, as there is little incident, and less plot; but we hold it to be only fair in a reviewer to stop short at a certain point, having indicated just enough of the contents of a novel to excite, not satisfy, expectation. There are, throughout this tale, good contrasts of character and class, which Miss Jewsbury brings into contact very entertainingly. Mrs. Morley is a good-hearted, comfortable body, as proud of her plentiful home, and of being just what she is, as the Mother Donnelly—who, as Mr. Morley justly observed, had nothing of the lady about her except the fancy, in spite of all her beggarly Irish pride. What strikes us as the cleverest part of the book is Gertrude's return home. Great powers of observation are shown in the delineation of the effect produced both on her parents and her early friends; and we are forcibly reminded how great, almost insurmountable, is the difficulty of falling back into a once-forsaken position, with whatever good will

one may accept the irksome conditions which it imposes. Gertrude's mother looks upon her elopement and her subsequent troubles as the result of her injudiciously pressing her daughter to perform household duties for which her education had unfitted her. Her father considers all that she does as a "condescension," and yet is angry at her helplessness. She is misunderstood by all, yet not unkindly treated. She never becomes a perfect character, although she learns a truth which, if earlier recognised, would have prevented her first mistake, and its consequences. She finds out that real dignity consists in accepting one's position in life, and that honest work never degrades any human being. We suppose that, as long as society exists, there will be many who, like the Donnellys, will try to fashion themselves after other people's pattern—not their own. If, however, any one could suppose a perfectly natural being, with what astonishment and contempt he would behold the supernatural efforts, the strain of mind and body, which keeping up deceptive appearances entails! The constant endeavours of false pride to seem what it is not, exhaust those energies which were given us for other and better ends.

As regards style, the tale before us is written with a great deal of ease, approaching, however, at times to flippancy in its tone. For instance, speaking of one of the characters, the writer says:—"In the spring of the third year, which was very cold, and the east winds constant, Mr. Augustus took the opportunity of dying." There is neither wit nor sense in this sort of levity. Throughout the whole book there is a "jaunty" air which sometimes verges on coarseness. We trust that the authoress will avoid this danger in future. On the whole, Miss Jewsbury's new novel will amuse and instruct its readers, although we should hesitate in predicting more than an ephemeral existence for its pages.

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LAW LIFE ASSURANCE OFFICE.—FLEET STREET, LONDON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that, in conformity with the provisions of the Deed of Settlement, a GENERAL MEETING of Proprietors will be held at the Society's Office, Fleet-street, London, on TUESDAY, the 24th day of June next, at Twelve o'clock at Noon precisely, to elect a Director in the room of William Chisholme, Esq., deceased; to elect Five other Directors and Two Auditors, when those who go out of office by rotation will be proposed for re-election; and also for general purposes. The Director to be chosen in the room of William Chisholme, Esq., will remain in office until the 24th day of June, 1856.

By order of the Directors, WILLIAM SAMUEL DOWNES, Actuary.

May 24th, 1856.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—Instituted 1823. OFFICE—FLEET STREET, LONDON.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL—ONE MILLION.

ASSURANCES are effected on the Lives of Persons in any Station of Life, to the extent of £10,000 on any one Life.

The Profits of the Society will hereafter be divided at the end of every Fifth Year, instead of every Seventh Year, as heretofore.

Four-fifths of the Profits are allotted to the Assured. The next Division of Profits will be made up to 31st December, 1856, when all whole-life Policies then in force, of two full years' standing and upwards, will participate.

Bonuses amounting to nearly Three Millions have been added to the Policies, at the Four Divisions of Profits which have already been made.

The Assets of the Society amount to nearly Four Millions and a Half, and the Annual Income exceeds Four Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds.

PROSPECTUSES may be obtained and Assurances effected through any Solicitor in Town or Country, or by application direct to the Actuary, at the Office in London.

March, 1856,

WILLIAM S. DOWNES, Actuary.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—GRAND EXTRA NIGHT.

It is respectfully announced that a GRAND EXTRA NIGHT will take place on THURSDAY NEXT, June 14th, when will be performed a FAVOURITE OPERA, with various entertainments in the BALLET DEPARTMENT by MADIE, MARIA TAGLIONI, MESDAMES BOSCHETTI, KATISSE, ROSA, LIZERREUX, CLARA, PIERSON; M. VANDER, M. CHARLES. Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the box-office of the theatre, Colonnade, Haymarket.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREAT FOUNTAINS.—The Directors of the Crystal Palace Company beg to announce that Wednesday, the 14th of June, has been fixed for the opening of the Great Fountains. On this day will take place the First Public Display of the whole System of Waterworks, comprising (in addition to the fountains already in action) the Water Temples, the Cascades, the two large Waterfalls, and the Fountains of the Grand Lower Basins.

On this occasion, admission will be limited to holders of One Guinea (Pink) and Two Guineas (Yellow) Season Tickets, and to persons paying Half-a-Guinea.

Transferable tickets (Blue) will not be available on this day. See the dates specified on the face of these tickets.

The doors of the Palace and Park will be opened at Twelve.

Military Bands will be in attendance, in addition to the Band of the Company.

By order,

Crystal Palace, June 8th, 1856.

G. GROVE, Secretary.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—OPENING OF THE GREAT FOUNTAINS IN PRESENCE OF HER MAJESTY. The Doors of the Palace and Park will be opened at twelve. THE DISPLAY will take place between FIVE and SIX.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GRAND HORTICULTURAL FETE.—The Second Flower Show of the present Season will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, the 25th and 26th instant. On Wednesday, the 25th, the doors will be opened at 12 o'clock. Admission by Season Tickets, or by payment of 7s. 6d. On Thursday, the 26th, the doors will be opened at 10. Admission by Season Tickets, or by payment of 2s. 6d. Gardeners producing satisfactory evidence of their employment, will (on application to the Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company on or before Friday, the 26th instant) receive Tickets of Admission, not Transferable, available on the 25th, by payment of 2s. 6d. Schedules of Prizes may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, and all Plants and Fruit for Exhibition must be entered on or before Friday the 26th instant. Extra Prizes will be given for Azaleas, exhibited. For the accommodation of Gardeners, a Special Train will leave London Bridge Station at 6 o'clock a.m. on Wednesday, the 25th. Trains will run from London Bridge at frequent intervals. Tickets of admission, including conveyance by Railway, may be obtained previously at the London Bridge Terminus, at the several Agents of the Brighton Company, and at the Company's Offices, 43, Regent Circus, Piccadilly.

June 13th, 1856.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The Fifteenth Quarterly General Meeting will be held at Exeter Hall, on Thursday, the 26th of June, at Three o'clock, Viscount Haulagh in the Chair. The Thirty-fifth Public Drawing for Rights of Choice on the Society's Estates will take place on this occasion, when One Hundred Share Numbers will be Drawn, and Fifty Share Numbers added to the Seniority List by date of Membership.

CHARLES LEWIS GRUNEISEN, Secretary.

MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

TO ARCHITECTS.

The Committee entrusted with the duty of giving effect to the Resolutions of the Public Meeting, held April 25th, 1856, under the Presidency of H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, are encouraged by the success which has attended their appeal for funds, to invite Architects to send in designs for the Memorial Church, which it was then determined to erect at Constantinople.

The Committee feel that they are not acting prematurely in so doing, as months must still elapse before the design can be finally approved, and a still longer interval before the work can be actively commenced. They are therefore satisfied that they best respond to the encouragement they have already received, and offer the best guarantee for their zeal in carrying out the work, by taking immediate measures to push forward the architectural arrangements.

The competition will be unlimited and anonymous.

The style to be adopted in the designs must be a modification to suit the climate, of the recognised Ecclesiastical Architecture of Western Europe, known as "Pointed," or "Gothic;" and the neglect on the part of any Architect of this provision will absolutely exclude from competition.

The numerous and beautiful instances existing in Southern Europe of this modification of Pointed Architecture amply justify the preference thus given to it. Any approximation to the specific features of Byzantine Architecture is prohibited, as being objectionable in many respects. Still more must the competitors abstain from the imitation of any forms connected with the religious architecture of the Mohammedans, which is, indeed, at Constantinople, based upon Byzantine models.

The Church must be of sufficient capacity to hold without galleries a congregation of not fewer than 700 persons, while the cost must not exceed £20,000, a sum sufficient in the hands of an able Architect to ensure the monumental character of the structure. The main expenditure must be devoted to enhancing the solid dignity of the building itself, the fittings being as simple and inexpensive as may be consistent with propriety. The substitution or addition of more expensive fittings is left to the munificence of individuals, who may desire to present them as special memorials. No representations of the human form, or of the forms of animal life, are to be introduced, either externally or internally; at the same time, Architects are advised to avail themselves of the beautiful constructive materials which are so easily and cheaply procurable at Constantinople, particularly the local Marmara marble.

The competitors' attention is directed to the risk of earthquakes occurring at Constantinople.

The competitors must send in, on the scale of 1/32, the following Geometrical Drawings:—

1. Ground Plan.
2. Elevation, West End.
3. " East End.
4. " North Side.
5. " South Side.
6. Longitudinal Section.
7. Latitudinal Section, looking West.
8. Ditto, looking East.

They must also contribute detail Drawings, upon, if necessary, a larger scale, of such constructional arrangements, ornamental details, and internal fittings, as they consider it requisite to elucidate, with concise explanations in manuscript, which must give the grounds upon which they base their estimate of the whole probable cost. They are also at liberty to send one perspective Drawing of the exterior, and another of the interior, but not more. A convenient Vestry must be shown adjoining the Church, and provision made for the Organ.

Non-compliance with the above regulations will absolutely exclude from the competition.

In order to ensure competence and impartiality in the adjudication, the Committee have entrusted the selection of the successful designs to the following gentlemen, who have kindly expressed their willingness to serve in the capacity of judges:—

THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF RIFON.
SIR CHARLES ANDERSON, BART.
THE VERY REV. THE DEAN OF ELY.
THE REV. PROFESSOR WILLIS.
A. J. B. BEESTON HOPE, ESQ.

The designs must be sent in to the Honorary Secretaries of the Memorial Church, No. 79, Pall Mall, London, under mottoes, with the authors' names and addresses in sealed envelopes, not later than Jan. 1st, 1857, endorsed "Memorial Church at Constantinople."

The judges will be entitled to award a first prize of £100, and a second and third prize of £70 and £50, or in case of equality, two second prizes of £60 each. The design to which the first prize is adjudicated will, without some special reason to the contrary, be the one carried out, and the amount of the prize will be ultimately deducted from the Architect's commission. The judges may also make honourable mention of any other designs which appear to them entitled to the distinction.

After the adjudication, there will be a public exhibition in London of all the designs, with the names of the respective Architects.

EDMUND LYONS, Admiral, G.C.B.
F. E. CHAPMAN, Colonel, C.B., R.E.
G. R. GREGG, M.A., Chaplain-General.
ERNEST HAWKINS, B.D., Secretary S.P.G.

Hon.
Secs.

79, Pall Mall, June 4th, 1856.

Copies of this may be obtained at the Office of S. P. G., 79, Pall Mall.

HARE MEMORIAL.

SOME FRIENDS OF THE LATE ARCHDEACON HARE desire to connect a permanent MEMORIAL with his Name. With this view a Committee has been formed to arrange preliminaries, and to collect Subscriptions. If a sufficient sum should be raised, it is hoped to found a Triennial Historical Prize, bearing his name, in the University of Cambridge.

COMMITTEE.

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The Duke of Argyll.
R. W. Blencowe, Esq.
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The Earl of Burlington.
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